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25¢

January  
1960

# LIGUORIAN

READERS



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readers retort



Problems of Single People



POINTED  
PARAGRAPHS

FOR WIVES AND  
HUSBANDS ONLY

LIGUORIANA



Problems of Professional People

BOOK R



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SIDEGLANCES  



# THE Liguorian

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Unchangeable Principles  
of Truth, Justice,  
Democracy and Religion,  
and to All That  
Brings Happiness to  
Human Beings

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THE LIGUORIAN

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**Many marriages fail completely,  
or fail to be happy,  
chiefly because the husband  
fails his wife in some important way.  
Here are listed  
some of those important ways.**

# **Ten Major Faults of Husbands**

**DONALD F. MILLER, C.S.S.R.**

**T**HIS will be strictly about husbands, and about the faults and sins and shortcomings of many husbands today. Note the word "many." We do not say "all." There are many husbands who, when they and their wives read this, will not have to accuse themselves or be accused of a single one of the glaring faults of husbands that are here listed. But there are many others who are making their homes exceedingly unhappy and even endangering their mar-

riages by one or more of these faults and sins.

We shall not list among the ten types of bad husbands the two kinds that are guilty of the gravest crimes against marriage. These two are the adulterous husband, and the one who makes no effort at all to provide for his family in an economic way.

The adulterous husband is considered so corrupt by Christ and His Church that they officially make his proven adulteries adequate reason for a faithful wife to separate from him forever. Thus the husband who commits adultery is thereby mentally (if not effectively) deciding to cast off his wife, to destroy his home, to abandon his children. No man can fall much lower than that.

The unproviding husband is flouting the law of nature according to which he has the primary obligation of working to support his wife and children. If a husband refuses to work or to support his family, except for cases of grave physical or mental illness, he too is deliberately choosing to destroy his home.

We exclude these two major defects of husbands from the list below,

not only because they are so bad in themselves, but also because husbands who fail their wives in half a dozen other ways will often defend themselves on the ground that they are not guilty of the great sins named above. Any mention of their shortcomings as husbands brings from them the quick reply: "After all, I'm faithful to my wife, and I make the money that supports the home. What more can a wife expect?"

Let it be said at once that a wife has a right to expect a great deal more than this, even though many wives have to go for years on end without getting what is their due. Alas, so many grown-up, married men are still so much like spoiled children that even this sharp revelation of their faults will not change them. Those of good will, we are sure, will read and take notice; those whose selfishness has wrapped them up completely in themselves will pay no heed.

One final word before we describe the ten most common types of husbands who fail their wives. This is no denial of the fact that wives may also fail their husbands, sometimes to the point where they gravely contribute to the faults of husbands mentioned here. We are not now concerned with such faults of wives. What we are concerned with is the failure of many husbands to live up to the promises they made to love and cherish and be helpmates to their wives as long as they live, no matter what faults turn up in their wives.

These are the 10 common types of such failures:

#### I. The "You-do-your-job-and-I'll-do-mine" husband.

**T**HIS is the husband who adopts the principle that, besides being faithful to his wife, the only contribution he is called upon to make toward the upkeep of a home and the raising of children is the money he makes. He selfishly and wrongly imagines that it is his wife's part of the bargain to go it alone in keeping the home tidy and neat and respectable; to feed, clothe and train the children; to correct and punish them and to tell them what they may and may not do; in short, to do all the work involved in making a home and raising children by herself alone.

This fault does not appear to be very grave during the first year or so of marriage, before there are any children. Even then, however, the first signs of it appear.

It is after two or three or more children are born that many husbands prove themselves to be lazy, inconsiderate, independent and selfish. They work seven or eight hours a day in their office or shop, whereas the wife's work is never done, requiring her to be on the go sixteen or seventeen hours a day. They come home from work at night and ensconce themselves at the television or with a newspaper or in a closed-door den and never raise a hand to help with the household chores or to keep the children occupied in a



wholesome way. The same pattern of selfishness is adopted on their Saturdays and Sundays and holidays.

Marriage is a partnership in which both husband and wife are intended to work together for the decent upkeep of their home and, above all, the proper supervision and raising of children. Apart from his work at making a living, the husband is bound to help his wife at her tasks in any way that he can. To fail or refuse to do this is to make a slave out of his wife.

## II. The "money-pinching" husband.

**T**HIS is the husband who thinks that he should have autocratic charge of all the finances of the family, and that he should keep his wife on an allowance or a dole or a budget that barely covers the stark necessities of housekeeping and her personal requirements.

Such husbands refuse to trust their wives with money, or even with a voice in discussions of how the family funds should be used. In many cases this same kind of husband is very lavish in expenditures on himself and his pleasures, while he makes sure that his wife will never be able to spend anything except for basic necessities, and demands a strict accounting of even such expenses.

This lack of trust, this miserliness, this financial tyranny, is one of the sure ways to kill a wife's love, and to make marriage, instead of a partnership, a master-slave relationship.

January, 1960

## III. The "I-need-outside-recreation-and-you-don't" husband.

This is the man who feels that he must have his nights out and his days off for bowling, golf, the club, the tavern, the gathering with the boys, but who rarely if ever gives his wife an opportunity for relaxation away from the constant duties of the home. As to taking his wife out with him once in a while, he considers that out of the question. In his mind, "she ought to love just staying home and working."

This is positively inhuman. It is like saying, "I am a human being, and therefore I need recreation. My wife is not a human being and therefore should need no recreation."

## IV. The husband who is married first to his business, and only second (or last) to his wife.

**T**HIS man is different from the one who works his eight hours a day and then, through laziness, refuses to lift a hand at home to help his wife or to do anything for or with his children. This husband is a dynamo of energy, but ninety-nine and nine-tenths per cent of his energy and time are spent at his business, in trying to make money, in getting ahead, and one-tenth of one per cent is devoted to his wife and home.

This is no criticism of the husband who takes an extra job to help his family financially, or who puts in extra study to make himself fit for a better job. These things can be done without complete neglect of a wife and children. The man who can for-

get that he has a wife and children in favor of his business interests should never have married.

#### V. The "mamma's boy" husband.

Marriage does not release either a husband or wife from the duty of honoring and loving their mother and father. But it does make duties to their spouse supersede duties to their parents. That is what God said clearly through the lips of Adam, the first man and the first husband: "Wherefore a man shall leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife: and they shall be two in one flesh." (Gen. 2:24)

The "mamma's boy" husband never quite leaves his mother. He permits her to have more to say over his actions and plans than his wife.

A wife may have planned for weeks, with the approval of her husband, for some trip or outing or relaxation with her husband; if, at the last moment, mamma says no, then the husband can't go.

A husband and wife may have, out of charity, given a place to the former's mother in their home. For major, not minor, reasons this may create an impossible situation. The mother is obviously jealous of her son's wife. She constantly interferes in the management of the home. She is a bad influence on the children. She is driving her daughter-in-law to distraction and a nervous breakdown.

In this situation a good husband will do one or both of two things. First, he will have a stern, unyielding talk with his mother, telling her that

only if she stops nagging at and interfering with his wife and children can she remain in his home. If this fails to change her, he will make arrangements for her to live elsewhere.

The bad husband, the "mamma's boy" husband, won't care what happens to his wife and children. His mother comes first. He takes her part against his wife. He listens to her even when she diabolically encourages him not to have more children. He lets his wife suffer immeasurably rather than deal sternly with his mother.

#### VI. The husband who is unreasonable and un-Christian in regard to sex.

UNREASONABLENESS in regard to sex is strictly a by-product of paganism. If put into words, it would be expressed somewhat as follows: "Sex-enjoyment is something that I refuse to dispense with or moderate in any way. I have a right to as much of it as I desire. I may demand it of my wife under any circumstances and she is bound to give in to me."

This pagan attitude creeps into the thinking of too many so-called Christian husbands. God knows that there are countless influences at work in the world to foster such thinking. He also knows that He has given to His followers motives and means for keeping sex in its place, that is, in subordination to reason, faith and charity.

The bad husband, under this head, refuses to consider such circum-

stances as his wife's ill-health, mental or physical; her many burdens with children already born; his obligation to make the union between husband and wife a source of real joy and happiness to both, etc.

If circumstances deprive him of what he considers his selfish right, he refuses to seek the help God offers him in frequent Communion, and too often seeks sinful indulgences that make him a traitor both to his wife and to God.

Besides being selfish, unreasonable and over-demanding of his wife, a husband may fail seriously by insisting that his wife cooperate with him in sins of contraception. He holds over her the bludgeon of his threats that, if she refuses to sin with him, he will sin with someone else. This is the last stage in vileness, when a man uses his authority as head of the family to plunge both himself and his wife into continuing habits of sin.

#### VII. The drinking husband.

A man does not have to be a hopeless alcoholic to wreck his home and to destroy his wife's love by drinking. Indeed, the final stages of alcoholism are often the result of a man's having lost his wife's love and done great damage to his home by inordinate habits connected with drinking.

For example, a man may spend so much time in taverns or cocktail bars that his wife and home are all but completely neglected.

From such parties he may not come home completely drunk, but he will usually be a different man than the one whom his wife once loved. Sometimes he will be mean and testy and conscious of the need to defend what he knows to have been indefensible neglect of his home. Or he may become sensual in an animal-like way. Or he may be maudlin in an irresponsible way. In any case, he is killing all the love his wife once had for him.

#### VIII. The gambling husband.

**G**AMBLING can become a disease like that of over-drinking. It can afflict the man who has an inferiority complex and thus has deep-rooted worries over the fact that he is not earning as much as he would like to for his family. So, he lives and acts on the ridiculous conviction that one of these days he will make a killing at gambling, and thus show his wife and children that he is a better man than they thought he was.

The disease of gambling can also afflict the sanguinic husband, who craves popularity, cannot resist a game of cards at higher stakes than he can afford, likes to flash money about at racetracks and bookie joints as though he were without worries or uses for his money.

The gambling husband keeps his wife in a state of petrified uncertainty. She never knows when his week's or month's wages will be squandered on a bet or in a game. There is only one cure, and that is total abstinence from gambling.

### **IX. The jealous husband.**

The jealous husband is the one who feels uncertain about his wife's love, usually because he knows he is guilty of faults that make him undeserving of it, and who foolishly thinks that he can hold her loyalty to him only by preventing her from being friendly with anyone else.

The jealous husband would like to imprison his wife behind a high wall and a moat. He does deprive her of every kind of social life that he can forbid or prevent. He is suspicious of every innocent, friendly contact his wife makes with others. He tries to keep her separated completely from her own family.

This jealous possessiveness, this attempt to imprison a wife apart from all normal human contacts, defeats its very purpose. It transforms any feelings of love the wife once had for her husband into feelings of hate. It makes a wife's duty of fidelity to her husband a thousand times more difficult than it should be.

### **X. The husband who never manifests his affection for his wife.**

**T**HIS is the husband who never gives any outward sign, by word or action, of the love he has for his wife. If she were to ask him whether he still loves her, he would say in a bored, offhand way: "Of course I love you. Now don't bother me."

Such a statement does not mean a thing to a wife, or rather it may mean so much that it will lead to a deluge of tears. Every husband should know that, no matter what he says, he

does not truly love his wife unless he shows and expresses that love in many day-to-day ways. Without the slightest insincerity, but with a renunciation of selfishness, he should often praise her appearance and her work; remember anniversaries with presents; express sympathy for her burdens; above all, just reassure her of his love.

The husband who refuses to manifest his love for his wife is usually the same one who refuses to lift a hand to help her with her domestic tasks. Apart from the sexual part of marriage, he wants to live his own self-centered, egotistic, independent life, as though he had never solemnly promised to enter into an all-out partnership with her in establishing a home.

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#### **ONE FOR THE ROAD**

O heavenly Father, sharpen our wits to keep our eyes on the road, ever mindful that the safety of human lives — so very precious in Thy sight — depends on our alertness and sobriety! Enlighten us to drive with patience, vigilance and consideration for others in cars and on foot.

*Kevinews*

•

The oddest thing about politics is how a man can throw his hat in the ring and then go right on talking through it.

•

The hardest job a Catholic child can have is learning to be a good Catholic without the good example of its parents.

# Problems of Professional People



## Newspaper Ethics

**P**ROBLEM: What are the chief ethical principles connected with the publication of a newspaper or news magazine?

**S**OLUTION: Fortunately our correspondent asks only for the *chief* ethical principles relative to the newspaper and news magazine business, for a detailed treatment of this subject would go far beyond the limits assigned to this column. Moreover, it is sometimes difficult to say exactly who is mainly responsible for what appears in a paper — reporter, columnist, rewrite editor, etc. Presumably, however, the editor-in-chief and the owners of the paper or magazine are the parties chiefly responsible for the policies it follows, though subordinate workers surely bear some responsibility. Hence, I shall present only a few general moral principles pertinent to the publication of a newspaper or news magazine.

In the first place, a *true* and *objective* presentation of the news is a grave obligation of those engaged in this business. Unfortunately, many American newspapers and news magazines fail in this respect. They do not tell downright falsehoods, for thus they would make themselves open to suits for libel. But clever writers can “slant” the news, by omitting certain facts and stressing others, so that a false impression is given

to the readers, even though no false statement was made. Another recent trick on the part of a paper or magazine that wishes to discredit a person consists in publishing a picture, taken unawares, representing him with a ridiculous facial expression, which does more to lessen him in public esteem than if a series of lies about him were printed.

Second, reporters and publishers should remember that God's law forbids detraction even in the newspaper business. That means that they may not publish secret or confidential information about a person, even though it is true, unless there will be some real benefit gained as a result. For example, if a person is running for political office and something about his conduct in the past would prove him unworthy of the office, it can be published — but not data about his private life that would in no way affect his official activity.

Third, there is surely much abuse in modern newspapers and magazines in the undue emphasis on sex. Sordid details of crimes involving sins of impurity, lewd pictures and advertisements presenting scantily clad persons are featured by many publications in our land today, because the publishers know that they will thus obtain a wider circulation. Yet, these same publications

will deplore the increase of juvenile delinquency. Even the custom of printing pictures of persons who have committed some serious crime is unfortunate, since it incites some misguided youths to commit a similar crime in order to get their pictures in print.

Fourth, those who write editorials or regular columns in newspapers should realize that they possess great influence. Nowadays many persons do not form opinions for themselves, but take them from radio, television and newspapers. Accordingly, the authors of editorials and syndicated columns should employ

their influence toward propagating good ideas and the practice of virtue rather than subtly extolling their own cleverness or even (as not infrequently happens) bringing down opprobrium on those whom they dislike.

These ethical principles are indeed very general, but they should serve as basic norms for those who contribute toward the publication of a newspaper or news magazine and who sincerely wish to give real service to the public.

Very Rev. Francis J. Connell,  
C.S.S.R., S.T.D., LL.D., L.H.D.  
The Catholic University of America

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### GOD WITH US

The "burning heart" is the sign of Christ's presence. It has persuaded the martyrs to give up their life in the flesh for another life, more complete. It has fed the heroic fervor of the great mystics in their interior struggles. The most obscure believer feels it within him when he has received the Bread and his soul expands in strength, generosity and ardor. Christians have, throughout the centuries, found many names to express this Presence which Jean de Fecamp called "the invisible hurricane of love" and St. Theresa of Lisieux "the fathomless deep I cannot sound;" but they all agree that it exists. "It is not I who live but Christ in me," cried St. Paul, and for two thousand years an incalculable number of men and women have testified to this Presence as the most certain of realities. Jesus, ascended into heaven, is still the creature of flesh and blood whom many loved in his time and whom so many others, so long after, have also loved. We cannot deny the testimony of a St. Theresa of Avila, a St. Gertrude, a St. Bernard or a St. Francis. When St. Bernard says, "He is closer to me than I myself," when the poet Claudel says, "The something in me that is more myself than I am," it is this unchallengeable Presence which they invoke.

*Daniel-Rops: Jesus and His Times*

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### GENTLE WORDS

She came to me at the close of day, when the lamps were being lit and a feeling of peace lay over the world. With cool fingers she caressed my forehead. Gently she took from me the volume of simple heartfelt verses I had been reading. Softly, her warm lips close to my ear, she whispered:

"I'll wash and you dry."

*Quote*



# The Jungle Awakens

*Terra Preta* is an ugly name for a tiny jungle village. It means black earth. Weeds mixed with splotches of murky mud give the dismal impression that even vegetation is too desolate to care about life. *Terra Preta* slumbers in a district 1,101 miles up the Amazon River in northern Brazil, in an outlet, perhaps 200 yards from the giant river.

But *Terra Preta* is not always at rest.

Each year on the feast of *Santo Antonio* the village takes on grandeur like an aging damsel, who by way of cosmetics attempts to recapture youth and vitality. White and blue and red crepe paper hang from the battered doors of jungle huts and up and down the mud avenue. For 48 consecutive hours a three-piece orchestra carries on the heroic task of bombarding the sky with noise.

T. WILLIAM MURPHY, C.S.S.R.

150 years ago, so tradition says, the Franciscan missionaries established the feast of Saint Anthony at *Terra Preta*. The people were fascinated by the story of his life, particularly by the *Santo's* ability to attract the fish. Each year from far and near the native people would expectantly gather at *Terra Preta* to await the missionary. He would tell them again how Saint Anthony preached to the fish, and how the fish stuck their heads out of the water to hear him. Then the missionary would celebrate Mass, confer the sacraments and teach the divine truths. It was a joyful yearly gathering.

*It takes prayer, work and patience to bring souls to God.*

Circumstances, however, did not befriend the missionaries. They were expelled. Enemies of the Church branded them as enemies of the people.

But the feast of Saint Anthony continued. In proportion to the time of the absence of the missionary, the religious significance of the feast diminished. Soon the only relic of previous spiritual splendor was the battered statue of the *Santo* and a few prayers whispered by some of the more pious women.

Slowly and tenaciously exploiters took command. Dancing, drinking and revelry secured absolute control. Today the priest is not invited. He is warned not to come.

But the statue of Saint Anthony still holds a position of dubious honor. Reigning from a conspicuous spot in the dance hall, he can easily be seen. Bright ribbons and crepe paper adorn his blotched features, a weird suggestion of confusion and contradiction. The sharpsters sell their wares, the poor lose their hard-earned pittance, the unscrupulous plunder the drunk: all in the name of the *Santo*.

At the close of the fiesta a canoe is decorated in the Saint's honor. Much ado is made of this jungle liturgy. Only those rendered unconscious by sickness or drink do not attend. The canoe upon the water, guided by the spirit of the saint, is said to be searching for a wicked person. At the proper moment the canoe is pushed into the powerful current of

the river. All shout in excitement. At the spot where the canoe will touch the bank of the river, that place shall be punished. Perhaps someone in the family shall die.

In view of this belief the director of the fiesta may give the canoe a hard shove in the direction of his enemy who lives across the river. Why not help the *Santo*?

Now all has ended for another year. The village of *Terra Preta* returns to her slumber. The crepe paper shall be taken down or just left to wither. It doesn't matter. Next year on the feast of *Santo Antonio* it can be attended to.

\* \* \*

But this story has another page. The missionary, too, has remembered Saint Anthony. A principle of missionary life is this: it takes prayer, work and patience to bring souls to God. He has tried to follow it.

Although there are many fish in the Amazon river, it is not likely that Saint Anthony will repeat his old miracle. However there seems to be something very special that is happening. Few people now attend the fiesta. The missionary, during the year, is celebrating monthly Mass in the tiny village, and each week he gathers together the children and tells them about Jesus and Mary. Also about Saint Anthony. Slowly and surely *Terra Preta* is awakening. The black earth is being rebaptized by faith.

In the not too distant future Saint Anthony shall have a new statue.

He will like that.

## WITH SINCERE SYMPATHY

Dear Fathers:

I am sure you must be besieged with "ideas" for articles in your magazine, but the sudden death of my father a month ago suggests another. I do not remember an article lately directed to the encouragement of, and practical suggestions for the Christian offering of sympathy at the time of death.

One can not realize until death comes to a loved one how much little acts of charity can mean. The Mass cards (or spiritual bouquets) are, of course, the greatest consolation. But the visits of friends (and the favors they do) mean a great deal too. There is, for example, still something wonderfully kind about the old custom of bringing in food. Yet if anything has helped my mother more than all the friends who came at the time of the funeral, it is the visiting of friends who have called on her since the burial of my father.

The death of a husband, particularly, leaves a tremendous loneliness, and the persons who have ask-

ed mother to their homes in the evening have certainly done a wonderful act of Christian charity. St. James says, "Religion pure and undefiled before God the Father is this: to give aid to orphans and widows in their tribulation." Surely we can not be wrong in paraphrasing this a bit and saying, "Charity pure and undefiled before God is this: to visit widows in their bereavement."

Where the idea came from that those who are grieving for the death of a loved one "want to be alone" I don't know; but it certainly cannot be a true Christian concept. The interest and kindness shown by mere acquaintances is also helpful at such a time, and sometimes it is more beneficial than the kindness of relatives, since during the visits of acquaintances the conversation is more easily directed to different channels and interests.

Since formerly I was always at a loss as to exactly what I should say or do when meeting those bereaved, perhaps some practical suggestions

might help others. The family will not think one is "preaching" if some mention is made of the only real consolation there is, namely, that the loved one has gone home to God to enjoy the peace and happiness that the world could never give. And the offer of a prayerful remembrance is always appreciated.

Even when meeting acquaintances a short while after their bereavement, one should not feel hesitant about offering sympathy, fearing that one will recall difficult or disturbing thoughts, for the bereaved person is still inwardly preoccupied with thoughts of the beloved.

On the other side, however, there are some remarks, well-intentioned, I am sure, which do not accomplish their purpose of consolation. Perhaps these stem from the human reluctance to accept the unescapable fact that death will come to all of us. Therefore, I believe, all of us tend to look at the death column in the newspaper and rationalize: "Well, if he had gone to a doctor for a check-up, this would not have happened." ("And this will never happen to me!")

Perhaps that is why we so often hear remarks like: "He hadn't had a check-up lately?" "Yes, I thought he looked tired and run-down these last few months." "Couldn't they have given him something to stop the clot?" "My brother had the same thing, but he recovered."

Hearing these remarks would make the strongest souls begin to wonder if perhaps they had not been

negligent, when actually there were no signs which pointed a definitive finger at a heart ailment. And it becomes more difficult to shut out feelings of remorse and the "perhaps if I had only done this . . ." attitude, which so easily comes with the death of a loved one.

Some of the remarks made at the wake or at the funeral are especially hard to reconcile with Christian philosophy; for example: "Well, he was just too good to everybody; never stopped to think of himself." (About a life that was such an heroic approach to that wonderful prayer of St. Francis!) "He was too young to die." (59! But life has more than length. Christ lived only 33 years.) "Isn't it terrible?" (An unthinking remark! Would that someone had the courage to say, "Isn't it wonderful?" — when one has led a life of adherence to principle, and somehow was prompted to remark casually the night before he died, "You know, I never go to bed without making an act of contrition.")

After hearing remarks of this type over and over, the efforts to retain the proper perspective must be redoubled, especially when a most common remark to my mother has been, "The worst is yet to come!"

I mention these remarks because I feel that while they are well-intentioned remarks of sympathy, they unfortunately do reflect the spirit of the secularistic world in which we are living; but, of course, I do not suppose the persons who make these remarks are at all aware of this.

Perhaps, if people were to reflect on the more prudent means of expressing sympathy, their acts of charity might be just that much more helpful. Also, I mention these remarks because they are not of our experience alone, but have been repeated on similar occasions so many times.

Again, there seems to be a need also for some concrete, Christian writing which would give some sort of definite outline for adjusting to life without the loved one. Especially is there a problem when death has separated spouses, and the daily routine of life is so deeply altered. Help, of course, will be found in work, prayer, and acts of charity toward others, but how *specifically*? What particular spiritual reading might be helpful? What is the best way of disposing of Mass offerings? There even seems to be a need to assure the bereaved one that the "periods of mourning" of times past were not really in the true Christian spirit, since very often this strict observance resulted in this that the bereaved mourned only for themselves and certainly not for the one who had gone home to God. Certainly there is nothing wrong in enjoying, after a reasonably short time, all the blessings which remain to us — family gatherings, innocent amusements, etc.

All these things are merely random suggestions, which only scratch the surface, but which might possibly lead to an article on this topic — and that would certainly be generally helpful.

Nebraska

Mrs. E. R.

*Editor's Note: It is our opinion that Mrs. E. R.'s letter has gone a long way toward fulfilling the need for an article giving practical suggestions for the Christian offering of sympathy at the time of death. Certainly it has done more than scratch the surface. Nevertheless, there may be a good number of suggestions along this line which were not listed in the above letter. If some of our readers would like to add to the list, we shall be happy to hear from them. — The letter of Mrs. E. R. referred to the need for some solid Christian reading which would give a definite outline to help people adjust themselves to life after the loss of a loved one. Several years ago we published an article intended to serve exactly this purpose. The article is available in pamphlet form. Any reader who would like to have a copy of this pamphlet can obtain one by writing to: The Editor, THE LIGUORIAN, Liguori, Missouri, and enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Ask for — HOW TO GRIEVE FOR YOUR DEAD.*

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Chop your own wood, and it will warm you twice.

Stigmatine

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Always put off until tomorrow the things you shouldn't do today.

Stigmatine

# Code of Catholic Conduct

## Mass Stipends

*M. J. Huber, C.S.S.R.*

**T**HERE are many people, both Catholics and non-Catholics, who find a number of puzzling questions circling around in their minds whenever the subject of Mass stipends is mentioned or discussed. For their benefit and for the benefit of all who want to know for themselves and be able to tell others clearly all about it, here is an explanation of Mass stipends and of many other points connected with the subject of Mass stipends.

A Mass stipend is an offering which a person makes to a priest with the understanding or agreement that the priest will offer a Mass for the intention of the person who makes the offering.

It is not correct to call this offering which is made to the priest a donation. A donation is something which is given to another without any agreement or condition, without any resulting obligation on the part of the person who receives the donation. A Mass stipend is not a donation because a priest, when he accepts it, binds himself by a serious obligation to offer a Mass for the intention of the person who gives the stipend.

The giving and taking of a Mass stipend is not a purchase or exchange. In a purchase or exchange one person gives something that can be measured in terms of value and expects to re-

ceive something of equal value. In the case of a Mass stipend there can be no question of purchase or exchange because the Mass is something spiritual and its value or worth cannot be measured or bought by material things like money.

It is easy for persons who do not understand clearly what a Mass stipend is to use expressions that are not only incorrect but somewhat embarrassing to a priest and misleading to those who are not Catholics. One of the most common of such expressions is, "How much does a Mass cost?" Another is, "How much must I pay for a Mass?" Or, "Father, how much do you charge for a Mass?" The correct words are, "How much is the stipend for a Mass?"

Now this is not just a matter of choosing the right word for the sake of formality or politeness. It is a matter of using a word that is correct.

To explain this in a practical way, let us suppose that you want to collect a just debt from someone. You take the matter to a court of law. The testimony presented to the court proves beyond a doubt that the money must be paid to you. Would you even think of asking the judge: "How much must I pay you to decide the case in my favor?" Everyone knows that for you to pay the judge would be a criminal offense.



But the judge must live, and he cannot live on air. And he does receive a salary, which frees him from worry about his living expenses and enables him to devote his time to trying the cases which come before his court, and to making decisions according to the law and evidence presented.

Therefore if I meet a judge on the street and ask him, "Your honor, what do you charge for dispensing justice?" I cannot blame him if he answers in a calm but decidedly firm manner, "I do not charge for dispensing justice. Justice can be neither bought nor sold." But if I should say, "Your honor, what is your salary?" he would tell me honestly the amount which the city or county or state contributes toward his living expenses or sustenance, so that the citizens may have the benefit of his undivided attention in interpreting the law. It is all a matter of using the correct word or expression. And from the viewpoint of the judge that is important.

It is just as easy to get the viewpoint of the priest who accepts a Mass stipend with the understanding or agreement that he will offer a Mass for the intention of the person who gives the stipend.

If someone says to the priest, "Father, how much does a Mass cost?" or, "How much do you charge for a Mass?" the person who asks may have the best intentions in his mind, but the words carry a suggestion that the priest is putting a price on the Mass or that he is selling the Mass. That is why a priest will explain on such occasions what is the proper way of asking such a question.

However, if you say, "Father, what is the stipend for a Mass?" it is the

same as saying, "Father, I want you to offer a Mass for my intention. How much must I contribute toward your living expenses or sustenance on that day when you offer Mass for my intention so that you will be able to devote your time to the celebration of Mass?"

But there is an important note to be made at this point. The person who gives the stipend is not expected to support the priest for the entire day. After attending to the celebration of Mass and all that is connected with it, the priest is free to devote himself to some other work of his ministry. Therefore the person for whose intention the priest offers the Mass is obliged to provide only in part for the priest's sustenance for that particular day.

A priest has no means of support except through the offerings of those to whom he renders spiritual service. In the early days of the Church the people would bring to the priest celebrating Mass, bread and other kinds of food. The priest would take what he needed for himself and give the rest to the poor. In some country districts this practice is still followed to some extent. In our day it is customary for the priest to receive a fixed salary which also is taken from the contributions of the faithful, and since this salary is far less than he needs for his support while performing his spiritual work for souls, he must depend also on the offerings made on the occasion of baptisms, marriages and so on, and on the Mass stipends which are offered to him by those who ask him to celebrate Mass for their intention.

This discussion on Mass stipends will be continued in a future issue.

# SIDEGLANCES

## The Overpopulation Scare

**By the Bystander**

**A**LMOST as great as the fear of the devastating power of atomic and hydrogen bombs, is the fear which is being deliberately and artificially cultivated in people's minds of the horrors of overpopulation in the world. This obsession has come to be the earmark of the "learned," religious liberals of today's world. Some time ago, a television interviewer in America talked overseas to a leading agnostic of England, who has written many books and used every possible forum for preaching against traditional Christian morality. In the course of the conversation, which a vast audience was allowed to overhear, he asked the "sage," who is now past eighty, what would be his most important advice to the world. The answer was that all the peoples of the world, and especially the backward peoples, should be taught to practice contraception, because, if they weren't, there would soon be only one square yard of the earth's surface available for each of its inhabitants. This is only a sample. Anyone who reads the liberal periodicals will be aware, without our belaboring the point, that this

same fear of overpopulation is one of their contributors' most fixed obsessions. Their thesis is that there will soon be so many people in the world that nobody will have enough to eat; we shall all starve.

This panic of the religious liberals has overflowed into the classrooms of most of the secular universities of the United States. Professors of sociology classes, many of whom seem to become intellectually feeble and unscientifically gullible in the presence of the preachments of world-renowned agnostics and liberals, transmit to their teen-aged pupils the same phobia that has seized their own minds. We are constantly meeting and hearing from victims of this brain-washing, some married and some unmarried, who have been taught that this is the final, clinching argument against the teaching of the Catholic Church that contraception is contrary to the natural law and an unmitigated evil for individuals, families and society.

Now the answer to the general argument that "overpopulation

makes contraception necessary," must be many-sided. First, it must present the scientific facts about the potential supply of food that the earth can produce for its inhabitants. Few scientists have made more thorough studies on this point than Professor Colin Clark, who, besides having held many important posts as an economic advisor to governments and having taught in universities in England, Australia and the United States, has since 1953 been director of the Agricultural Economics Research Institute at Oxford University. In a recent article in the first issue of *World Justice*, he presents an analysis of how much food the soil of the earth can produce according to presently known agricultural methods and standards. His conclusion, carefully worked out in mathematical terms, is that the earth could produce food, fibre and all other agricultural requirements sufficient for 28 billion people, 10 times the world's present population. That is not all. If the world cared to accept a predominantly cereal diet, fully adequate for sound health, the earth could now feed 90 billion people. Remember that these scientifically arrived-at facts make no allowance for further agricultural developments, and have completely ignored the vast potential of food that could be taken from the seas. Some scientists have presented evidence to prove that the seas alone could produce enough nourishing food to sup-

port many times the present population of the earth.

SO much for the facts about the earth's potential of food. A second point that must be made in answer to the fear-mongers of overpopulation centers is a realistic recognition of the fact that there are parts of the world today where people are undernourished; where, despite the potential of food in the earth, actually not enough is being grown and harvested adequately to feed all. These areas may be said to be overpopulated, but only in the sense that at the present time the potential of food that the earth can produce or does produce is not being made available in sufficient quantity to the people of these areas. Three reasons may be adduced for this. First, nations that produce vast surpluses of food have not found a way to distribute their surpluses to those who do not have enough. Second, nations with advanced methods of agriculture have not on a large enough scale taught those methods to backward peoples. Third, if rich nations were to transfer even a fraction of what they are now spending on armaments, to dams, power plants, fertilizer production and irrigation systems for the so-called backward nations, there would soon be no nation, even the most densely populated, without ample supplies of food. The problem, therefore, is not one of unavoidable and foreseeable

food shortages, but of just distribution of the food now being produced and of the techniques and aids for producing more.

In connexion with this point, one gathers the impression that many of those who make so much of the overpopulation scare want simply to protect their own sumptuous way of living, with no regard for justice and charity toward those who have not attained their high standards of living. We recall that in the days before campaigns for social justice in industrial England and America raised the starvation standards of living for workingmen in these countries, the rich used to raise loud and raucous voices in favor of contraception for the poor. The idea was that, if only the down-trodden workingman could be taught and induced not to have a normal family, he would have less of an argument for better wages, and the employer who was paying 10 or 15 dollars a week would not feel so bad over the poverty of his workmen. So today, rather than do anything to put more food in the mouths of the teeming multitudes in India, Africa and other countries, there are many who propose cutting down the multitudes, barring the production of children, fitting the population of the world to their own ideas of how much food should be produced and distributed. In blunt language they are saying, "If they don't have enough to eat, let them die of starvation;

let them stop bearing children, because we refuse to help them in any way."

Mingled with this attitude of selfishness there is in the minds of some promoters of contraception on the grounds of overpopulation a manifest desire to weaken and destroy the influence of the Catholic Church. There is no unjust interpretation of motives in this statement, because many who promote the overpopulation-scare make themselves very clear. They definitely state that the Catholic Church has to be brought to terms; that her influence in teaching basic natural morality must be overcome; that her teachings are evidently "scientifically" outmoded and a peril to the human race. Behind this, of course, is the devil himself, who can find no better way of corrupting the morals of human beings than by inspiring his spokesmen to preach a gospel of so-called science as contradicting the basic principles of morality.

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THE sad thing is that many Catholics are taken in by such propaganda. Fallen human nature loves to have backers of its baser instincts. There are husbands and wives whose motives for contraception are purely selfish and limited to their own personal desire for less responsibility and greater freedom in the midst of the plenty that is theirs. Yet the

overpopulation-scare, false though it is, helps them to feel exalted and high-minded in their sins. The basic truth ignored by many in this matter is that God's law commands no one to marry; it does not command even the married to have all the children of which they are physically capable. It only commands that if they

choose to make unlimited use of the powers of sex, then and only then must they accept whatever number of children God chooses to send them. And even when this is their choice, they can count on God, and true science coupled with true virtue, to enable them to provide for all their children in an adequate way.

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#### TO KEEP FROM GROWING OLD

Always race trains to crossings. Engineers like it; it breaks the monotony.

Always pass the car ahead on curves. Don't use the horn, it may unnerve other drivers.

Demand half the road — the middle half. Insist on your rights.

Always speed. It shows you're full of pep, even though you are an amateur driver.

Don't waste time stopping, looking, or listening. Everybody else does that.

Always lock your brakes when skidding. It makes the job seem more artistic.

In sloppy weather drive close to pedestrians. Dry cleaners appreciate this.

Always drive with your windows closed. Then you don't have to signal.

*Motor News*

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#### IRISH "TE DEUM"

Thanks be to God for the light and the darkness;

Thanks be to God for the hail and the snow;

Thanks be to God for shower and for sunshine;

Thanks be to God for all things that grow.

Thanks be to God for lightning and tempest;

Thanks be to God for weal and woe;

Thanks be to God for his own great goodness;

Thanks be to God that what is, is so.

Thanks be to God when the harvest is plenty;

Thanks be to God when the barn is low;

Thanks be to God when our pockets are empty;

Thanks be to God when again they o'erflow.

*Mary*

## **This Is My Problem!**

**P**ROBLEM: Last Sunday, in Church I heard the banns of marriage announced for a man who was previously married while he was with me in the army. What is my obligation in this matter? I am a person who likes to mind his own business, and I don't like to start any trouble.

### *What Should I Do?*

**S**OLUTION: Even though you are "a person who likes to mind his own business, and not cause trouble," you have a grave obligation of bringing what knowledge you have of this case to the attention of the parish priest.

The banns of marriage are not, as some people think, merely social announcements such as one would find in the daily paper. They are made, according to Church law and age-old custom, with the precise purpose of discovering any impediment to the marriage that is announced, such as the existence of a previous marriage.

According to law, the banns are to be published in the proper parish of both the bride and groom. The bishop may moreover require that they be announced in any place in which the persons have lived for six months, or even a shorter time, if he thinks it necessary. They should be announced on three continuous Sundays or holydays of obligation, either during Mass or at any other service at which there is a crowd of people. Ordinarily, they are announced publicly from the pulpit. How-

ever, the bishop may permit that they be published in the parish bulletin, or affixed to the doors of the church for at least 8 days including at least two Sundays.

The banns must be published before all marriages between two Catholics, unless there is a grave reason to the contrary, and permission to omit them has been obtained from the bishop. They are not made in the case of mixed marriages, nor where scandal or infamy might follow, as in the validation of a marriage that has been illicitly contracted before a judge or justice of the peace.

Any of the faithful who know of the existence of an impediment to the marriage are bound under pain of grave sin to make this known to the pastor or the bishop before the wedding. This obligation arises not only from Church law, but also: 1) from reverence toward the sacrament of matrimony which is mocked by a false marriage; 2) from the duty of fostering the common good of society which is intimately involved in every marriage; 3) from justice toward the innocent party who is being deceived; and 4) from charity



even toward the guilty party for whom the false marriage would be an occasion of spiritual ruin.

If one hears the banns announced and knows, or has reason to suspect, the existence of an impediment to the marriage, he should not discuss the affair with the neighbors, but should discreetly look into the matter. If it becomes clear that there is a case of mistaken identity, or that the impediment does not exist, he has no further obligation. However, if the doubt persists, even though he has no certitude, he should bring the affair privately to the parish priest who will be able to pursue further investigation and settle the matter. For the consequences of invalid

marriages are so grave that all reasonable doubt should be removed before the wedding.

The laws concerning the banns for marriage have been made, not because the Church indiscriminately mistrusts her children; but because she has learned by long experience that there are some who either through ignorance or malice will go through the ceremony of a false marriage. In order to safeguard the honor of God and the welfare of all concerned, she uses all reasonable means to ensure the validity of the marriage. It is the duty of all to cooperate as far as possible in the attainment of these sacred and important ends.

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Half of our troubles come from wanting our way; the other half from wanting the other fellow's way.

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There is no disadvantage in finding a bull in the china shop today. The steak is worth more than the dishes.

*Dallas Morning News*

## *Please* **USE YOUR POSTAL ZONE NUMBER!**

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Help yourself to better service. **USE YOUR POSTAL ZONE NUMBER—always!**

# Adventure in

# Japan

The two shadows, one from the statue of Buddha and the other from the Shinto shrine on the hill, seemed to creep slowly toward the convent to swallow it. The Mass was offered for the intention that the shadows would never meet.

ERNEST F. MILLER, C.S.S.R.

THE morning is clear and balmy, with the sun just starting to creep over the horizon, and the houses on the narrow streets that I am traversing, with their sliding doors (Japanese doors do not swing in and out; they slide), their tiled roofs and their beautiful little rock gardens between the gate and the front entrance, some of them not much bigger than a pool table, showing signs of putting aside the night and gradually yet reluctantly opening up to the day's activities, like a man yawning and stretching and just hating to concede the point that sleep is over and that the pressures of a new day are about to begin.

I am on my way to say Mass at the contemplative convent of the Redemptoristine Sisters in the city of Kamakura, on the island of Honshu, in the country of Japan. It is my first visit to the convent, for my home is not Japan but Bangkok, Thailand. I am in a hurry. The sisters need the Mass that I am about to say.

Even so, it would be wrong not to pause here for a moment and dwell briefly on the scenic excellence of Kamakura. The city, a two hour drive away from Tokyo, is located on the curving shore of a bay that guards the populace and the populace's property from the onrushes of the Pacific Ocean. For many miles a broad and gently sloping beach swings gracefully around the downtown section of the city, past the resort area and along the estates of the well-to-do, covered in some places with a soft and finely ground tan sand and in others with a sand equal-

ly soft and finely ground but almost black in color, this phenomenon of color due undoubtedly to the influence of ancient volcanoes, now long extinct, that did their erupting and their pulverizing in a day so far removed that their very names are now forgotten.

The business part of the city is crisscrossed with meandering streets, a number of them so narrow that two cars can hardly pass at the same time without collision, but lined on both sides with shops that are completely open on the front and carry every conceivable kind of merchandise, from fantastic souvenirs that cannot be found in America to all the necessities of life, such as meats, groceries, clothing, drugs and even moving pictures and magazines.

Each store is tended by people, mostly women, some of whom are dressed in western style, others in the attractive kimono of the East. All of them smile charmingly and bow low as potential customers pass by, but they make no attempt by word or action to draw customers into the shop in order to sell them something of the specialty in which the shop excels. Everything is spotlessly clean. The Japanese, in spite of a belief on the part of a few people of the West that dirt is the essence of the entire East, are always washing themselves, their streets, their homes and their shops.

That is Kamakura.

But I must not loiter in my comments on the *peculiarities* of this in-

teresting city as I make my way upward to the convent, for if I do, I shall never arrive in time to say the 6:30 Mass. Undoubtedly the sisters are already in their stalls, with their missals ready in their hands, their mouths open to make the Latin responses and their eyes fixed expectantly on the altar which they can see through the huge grill that like a wall covers the whole front of the chapel in the place where ordinarily the Communion rail stands. They are anxious for the Mass to get underway.

The reason for their anxiety is not hard to find or far to seek. It can be seen looming large over both my shoulders.

Over my right shoulder, rising as high as the trees and above some trees, is the huge and heavy statue of Lord Buddha. It is a very famous statue, known as Dai Butsu, having been made out of bronze in the eleventh century and having remained in the same position and place from that time until this, cross-legged, sphinx-like, inscrutable, with eyes half closed and shoulders slightly hunched, lost in meditation and consumed with a deep and mysterious melancholia.

It is incredible that the sisters' convent should be the reason for the look of meditation and melancholia. Whatever be the reason, the fact is that the very massiveness of the monument dominates the area and sends forth a shadow that seems always to be reaching and rummaging for the

sisters' premises, as if to establish a connection between that from which it comes and that which it wishes to enclose.

**O**VER my left shoulder, at the other end of the town, on top of a steep and rounded hill is one of the world's most famous Shinto shrines, the Hachiman shrine. Its approach is a long, gradually ascending macadamized road that ends at a concrete stairway consisting of at least a hundred steps. The property flanking this approach is forestland, meticulously cleaned and combed, and adorned with flowers, shrubbery and graveled walks.

I am told that people visit the hallowed hill from all parts of Japan, climbing the steps until they arrive at the holy pagoda that is empty of any altar or visible religious symbol but to which the ancestors of the visitors can be called up from their place by two claps of the hands and by the contribution of a coin in a box that stands nearby to serve that purpose.

The hill and shrine, like the Buddha not far away, also cast a shadow. And that shadow, again like the shadow of the Buddha, seems to creep slowly toward the convent as if to take it under its protection, to embrace it, to make it a part of itself and its beliefs, a part of the sacred hill consecrated to the cult of Shinto.

My Mass is to be a prayer that the two shadows do not meet, that

they stop before they envelop the home of the sisters in their grayness and hide it thereafter from the sun both figuratively and literally. Without the sun and the Son, the sisters cannot live, their prayers cannot sound and their penances cannot persevere. When that happens, their person and their spirit will depart from Kamakura, very likely never to return. That would be a tragedy to be avoided at all costs. The Mass is to be said to prevent it.

At last, all out of breath, I reach my destination, the gate that leads into the sisters' property. I have a raincoat slung over my arm in case of a sudden summer downpour, for this is the rainy season and water waits in that sunlit sky to spill over on the people at a moment when they least expect it.

I am now at the front door. I do not have to ring the bell. As though by a magic eye the door opens and a sister stands before me, dressed in a red, white and blue habit, looking by far prettier than a papal zouave, and having a welcoming smile on her face that she must have borrowed from an angel. I stand for a moment stilled, while I take in this vision of brightness. How can one be so beautifully dressed and not be gobbled up by the movies? How can one be so cheerful at so early an hour in the morning? These are mysteries of the contemplative life that have not as yet been cleared up by Thomas Merton. The dress that the sister is wearing is a cool maroon, her scapular blue, but a deeper blue than that

of the sky, and her veil white. Her nationality is Japanese. She bows deeply to me as I enter. I bow in return.

Inside the door of every Japanese house, including convents, are slippers of various sizes and shapes. On passing through the door into the house, one pauses for a moment, removes the shoes and puts on slippers in their place, leaving the shoes where they have fallen. I wonder how many pairs of shoes are lost each day because of this rather free and easy system of dropping the footwear near the door where one stops and walking away as though thieves and grasping fingers had been banished from the land.

Sister waits.

I take off my shoes and put on the slippers that from a distance seem to fit me best. They are long, soft, leather pads of some elegance that cover the bottom of my feet fine but that cover the top of my feet only an inch or two beyond the toes. There are no straps to secure the heels. The idea is to walk in this fragile footgear without losing it as one progresses forward. The Japanese can do it even while they climb a tree. That may be. I do not think that I can follow their example.

THE sacristy is not too far from the front door. The sister leads me to it, and luckily I reach it safely without accident and with my feet still shod. But I am not so fortunate, once I have put on the vestments for

the Mass and begin my journey to the altar.

I slide across the shining floor of the sanctuary on my slippers, not daring to take my feet off the floor lest I leave the slippers in my wake. But my care is of no avail. At the first genuflection at the foot of the altar, before I even bless myself, I lose the left slipper. It slips off and glides away as though it were alive. I hunt for it. I cannot find it. The upshot of the disaster is that I walk up to the holy table at the conclusion of the initial prayers wearing only one slipper, the other foot clad in a sock that is a grass green.

Now, mark well!

The sisters behind the grill, whom I have not as yet beheld but whose presence I sense, are watching me through the wide openings in the grill with breathless fascination. I can feel their eyes upon me. For the moment their missals are forgotten and lie idle in their hands.

They see me shuffle out from the sacristy as though my legs were crippled by disease. They behold me lose the first slipper, fish for it blindly with my toes as I pursue the Latin with my lips, fail to find it and finally give up. They look on with deep interest as I ascend the platform of the sacred altar, one foot covered with a colored sock and the other with a slipper that I drag along as though it were a ball and chain.

I reach the *Gloria in Excelsis Deo* before I begin to have trouble with the second slipper. I am doing nicely (letting down my guard in conse-

quence) when the miserable foot-piece departs. One moment it is on me; the next moment it is not. This time I seek for it in earnest, but nonchalantly, of course, trying to create the impression that I am not looking for a slipper at all. I explore the area around the foot with my toes, then with my heel, then with my whole foot. I cannot understand it. Where can the unholy thing have gone?

My efforts are in vain. As long as I seek the object of my search blindly and refuse to look down to locate it, I seek without success. All right, then! I will look down. I am becoming angry. And I am disgusted with slippers that refuse to cover the feet sufficiently to stay on. Deliberately I look down. There, almost directly beneath my foot, its front part pointing toward the sisters in the chapel, is the slipper. I am done with slippers. Impetuously I raise the right foot and give the slipper a short but hearty kick, causing it to fly off the platform, describe an arc nicely in the air and come to rest on the pedestal that holds the statue of St. Joseph.

An audible, yet gentle gasp jerks through the chapel from the sisters in their stalls. A performance like this they have never seen before in all the years that they have spent in the decorous household of the convent. So be it. In my socks I continue the Mass.

May the Lord forgive me! I have insulted heaven by exposing the

nakedness of my feet through a drop-kick from the altar to St. Joseph. I have most likely scandalized the sisters beyond repair. And I have probably done great damage to America, for the sisters cannot help but see in me, because of my accent and appearance, one who originally came from that country. Those Americans!

How I get through the *Gloria* I do not know, what with all the distractions and calamities that attacked me. But, thank God, I do get through it. I turn around to say the *Dominus Vobiscum* and for the first time I see the sisters. It is as though I have bumped into a rainbow, as though I have fallen into a flower garden that has suddenly sprung up from the floor.

THE picture is like a tableau from the Middle Ages or a scene from an elaborate movie. There before me, on the other side of the grill, rising in semi-circular tiers around the walls of the chapel, in the flashing colors of their red, white and blue habits is a veritable multitude of sisters. There must be forty or fifty of them, each one dressed like all the others, each one motionless in the pious posture of prayer.

Reluctantly I turn back to the altar when the sisters say the *Et cum spiritu tuo*. I must go on with the Mass. I must not allow myself to be distracted any longer. I am offering up the sacred sacrifice and praying the ancient prayers against the encroachment of an encircling gloom. My prayers will not be heard unless



I put the sisters from my mind. I apply my attention to my work and keep it there until the end.

I am back in the sacristy now, making my thanksgiving, my feet still clad only in my socks. The sister of the door hovers discreetly near. She has plans under her wimple, I am sure. In a moment those plans are made clear. She leads me to a place within the convent for breakfast.

The room is a large one, and like the chapel, is divided in the middle by a ceiling-high grill, containing holes within it of a large enough size to render it possible for those on the one side to see those on the other without having to act as though they were looking through a telescope.

On my side of the grill there is a table spread with ham and eggs and all the foods necessary for a man about to go out and plow a field. On the other side of the grill are the sisters, forty or fifty of them smiling, attentive, looking at me expectantly as though I were there to make a statement of importance.

I make no statements of importance, no pronouncements to be taken down on paper and read in the refectory during meals or in the chapel after prayers. In fact I hardly say anything at all, for most of the sisters are Japanese, and the others are from French Canada and, with the exception of the superior, Mother St. Ange, speak English haltingly.

But we get on. I do my best to make myself understood. I stutter

and sputter. And through it all I learn that about two thirds of the community is made up of cloistered sisters who spend their time in praying and doing penance for the conversion of Japan and who never leave the enclosure of the convent unless seriously sick and in need of attention at a hospital.

The other one third of the sisters is made up of those who are called "externs" (they wear the red, white and blue habit when they are in the convent, but a black habit when they are amongst the people) who visit fallen-away Catholics, pagans who are interested in the Catholic religion and the sick who are in need of care. They also instruct children in the catechism (there are very few parochial schools in Japan) and adults who wish to take instructions with the view of becoming converts. At the moment they have over one hundred catechumens under instruction.

The Canadian Redemptorists, Fathers Levesque and De Montigny, who established the sisters in Kamakura and who are their directors, maintain that they have never in their priestly lives come across anything quite so helpful for the salvation of souls in Japan as the two-fold branch of the Redemptoristine Sisters.

AS I absorb the information that the sisters are giving me, even as I absorb the fine breakfast that they have prepared for me, I am for the second time silenced. I who talk so much ordinarily am speechless.

Before the red, white and blue-clad sisters, with the knowledge in my mind of the Christlike work that they are doing, and the sacrifices that they are making, I am tongue-tied. If I were not a man, I would hop in there behind the grate and take the veil myself. What should I do to show them that I honor their zeal and respect deeply their vocation? Should I make a small genuflection before them? Shake them individually by the hand?

I do what all the people in Japan do when they wish to show respect. I bow slowly from the waist before the sisters. They, as one person, bow slowly from the waist in return. And then, again as one, they fall upon their knees and ask me for my blessing. I bless them.

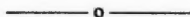
"Sayonara!" I call out, as I turn away. "Keep me in your prayers." They answer in Japanese, "Hy!" By which they mean, "Yes!"

In my socks I retreat to the place of my shoes. The door sister is there ahead of me, with a shoehorn in her hand to help me if I have trouble. I have no trouble. I tie the laces and stand up. I bow. The sister bows in return. I leave.

As I travel downhill to the place where I am staying, I notice that the houses and the people in them are now completely awake. There is much bustling about, much chattering and laughter. I look up to the hill where stands the convent of the Redemptoristines. I look over toward the statue of Lord Buddha and then over to the other side of the city where towers the shrine of Shinto. I notice that the shadows that were approaching the convent when I was on my way to say Mass earlier in the morning are now gone. There is only sunshine on it and around it. All is well. I feel confident that the shadows will never meet.

#### LIGUORIAN BINDERS

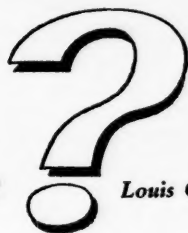
We have had hard-cover binders made to order for holding 12 copies of *THE LIGUORIAN* in a single volume. Anyone can insert the issues in the binder. Those who preserve their copies of *THE LIGUORIAN* for reference will find the binders very handy, with the index always at the end of the December issue. Order binders from *THE LIGUORIAN*, Liguori, Mo., at \$2.50 each.



#### IF YOU CHANGE YOUR ADDRESS

Please notify us promptly of your change of address, giving both your old and new address. It makes it easy for our office if you cut your stenciled address from the rear cover of one of your issues of *THE LIGUORIAN* and send it in when asking for a change of address. Notify us by the tenth of the month if your copy for that month has not been delivered.

# READERS



# ASK

## Making Too Much of Mary?

Louis G. Miller, C.S.S.R.

**QUESTION:** *It seems to me that Catholics pay too much attention to the Blessed Virgin Mary. Granted that she is worthy of honor as the mother of Christ, still she is the object of so many devotions that Catholics seem to be putting her in the place of God. How can she know about millions of prayers offered to her at the same time?*

**ANSWER:** As to the allegation that Catholics put Mary in the place of God, this of course is simply not true. Catholic teaching accepts as fundamental the truth that God alone is to be adored. Moreover, Christ alone was the principal and effective cause of our redemption by His death on the cross. Mary cannot merit redemption or any other favor for men in her own right or by her own power. Whatever Mary merits for us by her prayers, she merits only in complete dependence on the merits of Christ, through which she herself received her great dignity and office.

This should be clear in the composition of prayers which are offered up to Mary. In the litany of the Blessed Virgin, for example, after imploring God the Father, Son and Holy Ghost to "have mercy on us," we turn to the Blessed Virgin and ask her to "pray for us." Mary can only do something which any one can do, namely, pray

for others. But she can do it much better by virtue of her high dignity.

As to the numerous novenas and other forms of devotion to Mary, perhaps an explanation for them can be found in this simile. If a family has a son and brother who becomes a senator of the United States Congress, they will doubtless hold him in very high esteem. On their visits to Washington, he will be the one they seek out. If they should have to transact any official business, they will think it natural to consult with and ask the assistance of one so close to them. In acting thus, they do not imply any less respect for the office of President of the United States. They confide in their son and brother knowing full well that he is far below the President in dignity, and knowing also that the President is the ultimate source of executive power.

Thus we act in praying to the Blessed Virgin. It may very well be that there are more popular devotions directed to her than to God Himself. This does not imply any less respect or reverence for God. Mary is one of ourselves, a member of the family who has been raised to a tremendous height of holiness and dignity. When we approach God, we feel more confident if we do so in the company of Mary, who has a special claim upon Him as His mother, and who has been given to us

as our mother too. All the while we realize that any gift we receive must come from God.

As to how Mary can respond to the millions of prayers offered to her, surely it cannot be doubted that if God has given her the high dignity of mother of mankind, then He can also by His almighty power so enlarge her spir-

itual capacity that she can fulfill her motherly duties toward all her children here on earth. If this is difficult to grasp here on earth, it is because we are bound down by material concepts of space and time and quantity. In heaven we will find that the horizons of the soul's understanding are well-nigh infinite in scope.

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#### TRIBUTE TO ST. PIUS X

For the eternal edification of souls, I should like to emphasize the fourfold fervor with which St. Pius X performed his pastoral office:

(1) through the popularized, and yet solid and methodical, teaching of sacred doctrine to younger generations and to members of the different classes of society;

(2) through devotion to the Eucharist, carried to unexpected and prodigious lengths, to provide divine nourishment to the souls and families of the members of the whole Church;

(3) through a re-organization of ecclesiastical discipline by means of legislation in keeping with the dynamic spirit of the time, and open to revisions according to the ever changing conditions created by the feverish intellectual and physical activity which characterizes the modern age;

(4) lastly, through the affirmation — which often appeared to be heroic — of the sacred principles of freedom, and of the truth revealed through the Church and the Gospel of Christ, that truth which he wanted to prevail without taint of error or evil.

To return together to this heritage of doctrine and discipline is to insure the true spiritual well-being which is the foundation of all progress, even within the temporal order of our life on this earth.

*Pope John XXIII — The Pope Speaks*

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#### WHAT EXCHANGE?

Imagine now, my dear Brother and Friend, even thou (I say) which art so fresh and frolick at this instant, and (if) the ten, twenty or two years (or perhaps two months or days), which thou hast yet to live, were to come now to an end, and that thou wert even at this present stretched out upon a bed; wearied and worn out with dolour and pain; thy carnal Friends about thee weeping, and many of them desiring thy goods; the Physicians departed with their fees, as having given thee over; and thou lying there mute and dumb, in a most pitiful agony, expecting from moment to moment the last stroke of death to be given unto thee. Tell me in this instant, what will all the pleasures and commodities of the whole Earth avail thee?

*Robert Parsons, S. J. (about 1590)*

# readers retort



In which readers are invited to express their minds on articles and opinions published in *The Liguorian*. Letters must be signed and full address of the writer must be given, though city and name will be withheld from publication on request.

## With Apologies to Sirach!

Your answer to M. E. J. in the October *LIGURIAN* lost a little of its punch by saying that there is no book called *Sirach* in the Catholic Bible. If you mean the Bible in your office you may be correct; but in the latest Confraternity edition (1955) the book of Ecclesiasticus (The Wisdom of Jesus, the son of Sirach) is no longer called by that name, but simply *Sirach*. The correspondent's quotation is correct.

Detroit, Mich.

Rev. J. A. L.

apply more aptly to Khrushchev than to any other person.

Ironton, Mo.

G. E. M.

As usual I was more than happy to receive my copy of your publication, *THE LIGURIAN*. Your magazine is doing wonderful work in defending and making known Catholic moral principles to the public.

However, as I sat down to an evening of enjoyable reading from the October issue, I actually (well, almost!) fell off my chair when I came across the statement by one of your editors that there is no book called *Sirach* in our Catholic Bible. Oh, the poor Sacred Scriptures! The Catholic Bible does include the *Book of Sirach*. The *Book of Ecclesiasticus* is now more commonly called the *Book of Sirach* in the newer editions of the Catholic Bible.

No doubt my letter is one among the avalanche of letters calling this point to your attention. Perhaps some of your readers have even sent you the newer editions of the Catholic Bible with the *Book of Sirach* underlined in red. However, my intention in writing to you is not so much to point out your mistake as to sympathize with you. That mistake is sure to bring the house down on your back. But the mistake can be used to your advantage. The writers of the letters in *Readers Retort*

I just read your reply to M. E. J. in the October *LIGURIAN*. Ecclesiasticus is sometimes called *Sirach*, I suppose because it was written by Jesus, son of Sirach. Your Florida correspondent perhaps meant to say chapter 13, verse 19.

Michigan

Anon.

The book your Florida correspondent refers to, calling it *Sirach* is really the book formerly called Ecclesiasticus. However the chapter and verse she quotes are quite different from her rendition. The verse is as follows: "Affect not to speak with him, as with an equal; and believe not his many words; for by much talk he will sift thee, and smiling will examine thee concerning thy secrets." This would

who insist that you are so inhuman at times will now realize that you are human after all: "For to err is human and to forgive is divine."

Wisconsin Fr. G. S., O.F.M.Cap.

• *We have no defense to offer for the incorrect statement we made about the Book of Sirach in the October issue. We made a big, fat mistake. We consulted older editions of the Bible and only one recent edition. Without doubt we well deserved the verbal spanking administered in some of the letters we received, and we hope that it will have a lasting and salutary effect. We are grateful for the letters that offered the correction — and especially grateful for letters like the last one quoted above which, besides manifesting sincere zeal in pointing out our error, added the gentle touch of an understanding and forgiving charity.*

The editors

### Fasting and Feasting

I just finished reading the article in the October issue on La Salette, Lourdes and Fatima. Although I am not a Catholic, I enjoyed the history written there. No doubt there are disbelievers, but I do believe that such appearances are possible and do happen. I was stationed in the Azores when I was in the Air Force, and there they celebrated Fatima day with great festivity. What puzzled me, though, is this: why the dancing and feasting and wine for this celebration? It seems to me such a day ought to be devoted to prayer.

Calif.

N. N.

• *The custom of dancing and singing and enjoying a rest from hard labor on feast days is a custom based on a very deep human instinct. Our Lady of Fatima asked for prayer and penance, it is true, and these things certainly are*

*essential and should come first. But at the same time we cannot refrain from rejoicing because of the fact that she has manifested her gracious presence among us once more. Such rejoicing is aptly shown by reasonable feasting and song.*

The editors

### Grateful Mothers

God love Mrs. L. H. of Burlingame, California! And I'm sure He will bless her greatly. I wish there were some way every parent — especially mothers — could be enabled to read her letter which you published in the October issue. I will save it and use it many times, believe me. I am expecting my sixth child any day now, so I am just a "babe in the woods" in comparison with Mrs. L. H. But I still have ten good years; so I may catch up with her. How many times I have felt that I just couldn't take any more — felt that the Lord must be picking on me — felt so very sorry for ME! But to see the love in the eyes of a precious child of yours — and God's child too — makes every chore and effort so well worth every minute spent.

Kansas

Mrs. D. D. K.

I can't begin to tell you how encouraged, strengthened and pleased I am to hear about a mother of a large family who doesn't smile beatifically and say, "It's simple!" Your article, School for Mothers, is so true to life and so wonderful to see in print. It is nice to know that there are other mothers with the same problems and feelings as yours.

Long Beach, Calif.

Mrs. J. M. D.

Ah! You published a letter from a woman after my own heart in your October issue. I am glad that more peo-



ple are admitting that they don't always like what they have to do, but do it anyway — for God! He never said it would be easy. He never said we'd be perfect. We are to strive for perfection, though, and it is another step in the right direction when we openly admit that we are still struggling. Sometimes I am convinced that God must have more faith in me than I have in myself. But if He has hopes, who am I to doubt?

Haysville, Kansas      Mrs. J. W. T.

### Education at Home

Recently I discovered your magazine, and after reading two issues I must say that I was impressed by the variety and quality of your articles, letters and comments, especially the Pointed Paragraph on the responsibility which parents have of fostering the intellectual life of their children. In our home this has been a most important and central feature of our lives and has come about in a rather unorthodox manner. As "good" Catholic families go, ours is small. Just four children. But along with the four children my husband and I both are victims of major disabling diseases. I have multiple sclerosis and he has a chronic lung condition. I spend a great deal of time actually in bed, and while my husband works, he has no extra energy for any of the "extra-curricular" things men ordinarily like to do. We don't have any kind of help and the children have to work like Trojans to keep up with a minimum daily routine.

We never entertain and very rarely go anywhere, because we just are unable to do so. Consequently we are stuck with a degree of "togetherness" that sometimes becomes almost unbearable. Not altogether by choice, but by circumstances also, we were led to de-

vote much of our time to the home education and development of our children. We had no particular plan in the beginning. I began by teaching the children to play the piano, since that was my field before I became disabled. Then we added geography and geographical games. This past summer I went through the histories of ancient civilization with the two older children. Now that they are immersed in English grammar and composition, we conduct a weekly formal debate on some subject assigned by me or my husband. We can already see some improvement in the children's ability to think logically and stick to the point under discussion. The whole family is participating in a televised course in Spanish which is being offered for college credit; but we just study it for "fun" since we couldn't afford the fee for the credits anyhow. We have ranged from Greek mythology to discussions of Khrushchev and communism, and although in the beginning my husband and I were not exactly enthusiastic about all this, we have not only come to enjoy it but have seen that it pays off in the children's alert interest in solid school subjects and apparently helps them achieve good grades. To us this is quite important, since the only way our children will ever get to college is by obtaining some sort of scholarship help.

Of course, we don't study all the time! My husband and I love to play bridge, but an evening out puts me in bed for a week, and having people come in is impossible; I just can't manage the necessary courtesies of housecleaning, dressing, serving for company. So we are now teaching the two older children to play bridge. They love it, and as they learn, it becomes more and more enjoyable to us. Added to

this I can honestly say that our oldest child, a daughter of eleven, knows more about housekeeping and baby care than I did five years after I was married!

Vinita, Okla.

Mrs. T. C. L.

### "Doing the Best We Can!"

I have read quite a few of the letters you published about Catholic education and sending children to the Catholic school. Here is what we do about it in our family. My little girl is in the fifth grade at a Catholic school which is 31 miles from our home. My husband and I work in town, 13 miles from our farm home. We take our daughter there in the morning, starting at 6:30. She catches a bus in town at 8 and rides 18 miles from there to school. Although a public school bus passes our house every morning, my daughter wouldn't think of going to the public school which is much closer. She loves the sisters. They treat every child as though it were their own. My husband is not a Catholic, but we do the best we can.

Willow Springs, Mo.

Mrs. C.

• *It is rather sad that there are only too many parents who in regard to the Catholic schooling of their children allow themselves to be discouraged by obstacles far less forbidding than those which are met and overcome so cheerfully by this correspondent. When the time of the final reckoning comes around we fear that many of the Catholic parents who neglect or refuse to send their children to a Catholic school that is easily available will find it quite difficult to stand up and say, "We did the best we could."*

The editors

### A Point We Missed!

In your article in the October issue

— Should Children Be Allowed to Choose Their Religion? — I think you missed a big selling point: sudden death for children as well as for adults. As a mother who is really aroused on this subject and as an actual working model of this problem, let me give my story briefly. Both my husband and I come of parents of this school who say, "Let them choose their own religion when they are old enough to choose." My husband was killed several years ago without even having gotten around "to God and churchly matters" — no baptism, nothing! *What is there for him now?* When my daughter died, she narrowly escaped this same fate. Fortunately she was taken to a Catholic hospital and was baptized shortly before her death. Dear God! How grateful I am that she was taken there and for the nun who talked so quietly and convincing to me! Yes, I joined the Catholic Church shortly after that; and the Masses offered for my daughter are prayers of thanksgiving, for I know she at least is happier with God than she could be here with me. That fact alone helped me to accept my daughter's death with resignation. As for my husband — I don't know. I can only pray brokenheartedly, hoping that God in His infinite mercy and compassion will graciously grant him a little happiness and peace — somewhere.

Spokane, Wash.

Mrs. L. M. O.

### They Were Ready!

In August of 1958 I bought a copy of your magazine as I made a visit to a church. At that time I had a son who was just five and started school that September. I also had a little girl a year and a half old at that time, and so the article, Religion for Babies, in this issue and the article, Grade School

Children and Obedience, were both instructive and helpful to me. This year, on February 28, 1959, God took these two beautiful children and made them His angels. They were killed by a wild car which ran into the store where we were shopping. Our four-year-old son saw everything happen, so someone gave me your magazine some months later which had the article, Explaining Death to a Child. This was very helpful to me in explaining this terrible nightmare to the little boy. Through the great goodness of God and with hope and prayers, I am still alive. After the accident I was in the hospital for five weeks, trying to mend my broken body. All the religion I learned in high school and in college was a great blessing to me through the years, but this was the time I needed it most. God gave me the courage to bear the loss of my children, and He has brought me closer to Him. Because God was good to me and let me live, I promised Him in the hospital that as long as I was able I would go to Mass and Communion every day. God has given me the grace to do this.

Brooklyn, N. Y. Mrs. J. B. R.

### **My Days Are Numbered!**

One of my good neighbors recently brought me three issues of your excellent magazine. What I can't understand is where this wonderful publication has been hiding all these years. I had never heard of it before, and I feel that a great number of people are missing out on one of the greatest publications ever printed. My days are numbered, as I have incurable cancer; but I want to be sure my 17-year-old son, attending our Catholic high school has the opportunity of enjoying this kind of good down-to-earth writing. Please enter a subscription in his name for three years.

January, 1960

Because I must write this from a flat-on-my-back position I must use a pencil when writing at any length.

St. Paul, Minn. Mrs. G. M. M.

### **Welcome!**

I am not a Catholic and I hope that this will not bar me from enjoying your wonderful publication, THE LIGUORIAN. My wonderful Catholic neighbor has been sharing her copy with me, but there are so many articles which I would like to keep for future reference that I would like to have my own subscription. I am sure, after reading these articles, that I am not the first non-Catholic (Lutheran) who has desired a subscription. Each one has an inspiring and beautiful message for all. I pray that some day all Protestants and Catholics alike will be able to live by the ideals you present in your publication. The article, "Twelve Rules for Company-Keeping," was the best I have ever read on the subject, and I would like to keep it for my own children to read. Thank you!

Lansing, Mich. Mrs. J. A. G.

### **Information**

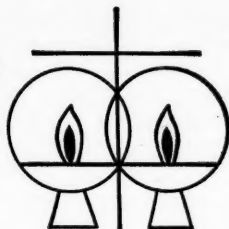
I am writing in reference to a suggestion made by one of your readers about a personal apostolate of reparation for those who miss Sunday Mass. There is an Archconfraternity of the Holy Mass of Reparation, canonically erected at St. Norbert Abbey, West De Pere, Wisconsin, in which anyone desiring to make this holy act of reparation can obtain membership. If you write to the address given in this letter and ask to be received as a member you will be inscribed and receive a prayer to be said. I have been a member for a long time and I hope to be a member always.

Mankato, Minn.

Mrs. F. D.

# FOR WIVES AND HUSBANDS ONLY

## Birth-Prevention or Peace?



*Donald F. Miller, C.S.S.R.*

**P**ROBLEM: It seems hopeless for me to spin my tale of woe, for, no matter what I may say, it has been said before. I ask in all sincerity if it is not a lesser evil to practice contraceptive birth-prevention and preserve a happy home, peace of mind and mental equilibrium, than to struggle through raising a family when you are depressed, scared of becoming pregnant, and in tears much of the time. Rhythm is not the answer to my problem.

**S**OLUTION: It is true that this very problem has been presented before, in a thousand different ways. It is, alas, also true, that a great many who have presented the problem have already decided the answer for themselves, and decided it in the wrong way. This answer, that it is better, or at least the lesser of two evils, to practice habitual contraception and thus live constantly in the state of mortal sin, than to live in constant depression and fear of pregnancy, is in itself a source of violent conflict and therefore of depression and tears in the lives of many. Conscience tells them that they are doing serious wrong; yet external and internal circumstances make the wrong seem very appealing, just as there is no sin that does not have its appeal to fallen human nature. Fear of God keeps fighting with fear of temporal inconvenience and pain, and so there is no peace.

This is not to say that we are unaware of the acuteness of the problem, or unsympathetic toward mothers who face it. Moreover we cannot give adequate advice without knowing much more about the circumstances than the above letter reveals. Every case is an individual case; in each case the detailed and particular circumstances have much to do with the kind of advice that must be given, even though there is no case in which a priest can permit or even by silence tolerate the practice of contraception.

Since the problem is here presented only in the most general way, with no reference to the attitude of the husband, the health of the wife, the number of children already born, the religious background of the couple involved, the financial situation, etc., (all matters that must be taken into consideration in formulating advice), we must answer in a general way, that is, by stating universal, unchangeable, eternally important principles covering this problem.

1. The deliberate decision to commit mortal sin is the solution to no problem that ever faces a human being. It is not only not a solution; it is a choice of something infinitely more ter-

rible and damaging than any mental or physical or temporal suffering can ever be. The Christian martyrs proved that they possessed this conviction in a dramatic way. Some of them were mothers with small children, who had cogent reasons for worrying about what would happen to those children if they were left alone. Yet, rather than commit the mortal sin of denying their faith, they willingly suffered violent deaths at the hands of the haters of Christ.

2. In every difficult and painful situation in which God permits one of His children to become involved, He offers solutions, and graces abundant to adopt those solutions, other than anything that involves sin. God, Who became man and died on a cross to forgive sin and prevent sin, and Who is at the same time the all-powerful ruler of men's lives, never pushes them into pockets of misery from which the only escape is sin. He may ask for a modified form of martyrdom, as He Himself was martyred for us all; He never makes sin inescapable.

3. Mothers with problems like the one presented here do need help from outside themselves. They need God's help, and will get it if they pray, most especially to God's mother. They need guidance from God's representatives in His Church, and should unfold their problems to a well-chosen priest. They need help from God-loving friends (not from secularists or fallen-away Catholics who have abandoned God) and should talk especially to good, loyal Catholic mothers about their problem. Some need help from Catholic physicians and psychiatrists who can assist them to regain their healthy outlook or to overcome the self-pity that leads to constant tears.

January, 1960

The worst thing that can happen to a mother who has decided that birth-prevention is the solution to her problem is that God may permit her consciousness of sin to be extinguished, and to think that her freedom from anxiety about pregnancy is well worth the price she is paying. When God lets that happen, it is a sign that ordinary graces have been exhausted, and that only by grasping an extraordinary grace can the soul regain any hope of heaven.

### THE REACTIONARY PARROT

In the Russian zone of Berlin the door of a parrot's cage was accidentally left open and the bird escaped.

The owner immediately inserted an advertisement in the local paper. "If anyone finds my parrot," it read, "I wish it to be definitely understood that I do not share the bird's political opinions."

*Ohio Motorist*

•  
Braggart: A person who starts out telling white lies and soon grows color-blind.

•  
Modern man has the genius to make rain, but often lacks enough common sense to come in out of it.

•  
When you throw mud at somebody, you're the one that's losing ground.

•  
The trouble with many women who read their husbands like a book is that they feel they must furnish outsiders with reviews.

*Luke Neely*

# FACE TO FACE WITH GOD

*One of the first lessons we  
learned as children was this:  
God sees me! Perhaps it  
is time, now that we have  
advanced along the road of  
life, to review the lesson  
and learn it anew.*

JOHN A. THOMAS, C.S.S.R.

ANGELS came to the shepherds in the fields of Bethlehem and told them about the infant God Whom they would find lying in a manger. The shepherds found the chilly cave and were happy when,

hidden in a shell so unseemly and unpromising, they found their God.

But why should we envy them? Faith can discover God anywhere — in everything. Faith can be smothered by indifference, or it can be trained to sing out the presence of God all around us. When faith has been properly trained, we find that many an event and many an object is but a lovely crib in which a Saviour is born and in which God's providence is hiding itself just to lure us on to love.

The Magi saw the star and rejoiced because it led the way to the house where Jesus and Mary awaited them. And think of how many a saint rejoiced at the sight of a little flower because in it he discovered a token of God's eternal love for him! Many a star and many a flower would lead us to God if only our faith were more sensitive and responsive.

Faith helps us to see God in all things and all things in God. Between the infinite God and His finite creatures there is a deep chasm of separation. But faith can bridge that chasm so that God the Father and His children can love each other more truly with a mutual love because they see each other face to face — they can see as they are seen. We shall see God perfectly when the full light of glory blazes on our vision, but we can see Him truly, although dimly, even in this life while we walk in the mists of faith. (1 Cor. 13:12)

All love is dreamy and reminiscent. Love sees the loved one in every reminder. In accordance with this property of love, is it not the purpose of



God that all things should bespeak His glory and His love and remind us of Him?

Our Lord Himself has set the example for us. He could see the birds of the air, but only in the fairer sky of the Father's love Who fed them. He could admire the lilies of the field with all their gorgeous raiment, but their most ravishing beauty came to them from the loom of the Father's creative hand. He could point to the dazzling sunlight as well as to the longed-for rains, but in each He saw the Heart of Love and the Hand of Benediction whence they streamed. How much holier and happier the inner life of our soul would be if our faith were trained to recall the thought of God more frequently!

Because our faith is so poorly developed, we see little of God and think little about Him. If we want our faith to grow we must make repeated acts of faith and explicit acts—in so many words—and so believe that God is and that He is everywhere. There are so many things that we do not notice, so many to which we do not advert, so many which we do not think about, so many that practically do not exist for us. Is God one of them? Must God complain of us too: "Thou hast not been mindful of Me, nor thought in thy heart. I am silent and as one that seeth not, and thou hast forgotten me?" (Is. 57:11)

We have eyes to see the things that appear, but we lack faith, which is the evidence of the things that ap-

pear not. Thus God fades from our view.

No wonder that so often a deep and subtle sadness haunts our souls! Something is wrong. In our case, these two questions are almost equivalent: "Where is thy God? Where is thy faith?"

When the sun is veiled behind a dense shadow, all beauty vanishes from nature, happiness dies in the hearts of men, and if the eclipse were to last more than a day or a year, we could hardly calculate the havoc that would result. God is the sunlight of the soul. Without God our soul must pine in utter darkness about the past, the present and the future—whence we come, whither we are drifting, what our inner life should be. Without God our souls shiver in the deep winter of loneliness and abandonment, for God is love and at all times love comes and goes with Him.

Many times, in the past, our guardian angel must have surmised the source of our melancholy and our restlessness and gently whispered: "Where is thy God?"

But our faith was asleep and gave no evidence of the invisible God Who does not appear to the senses.

"My tears have been my bread day and night, whilst it was said to me daily: 'Where is thy God?'" We richly deserve such hours of grief if we scorn the remedy which is the practice of that blessed faith that makes

us realize the presence of God in everything around us.

\* \* \*

**F**AITH offers us a foretaste of heaven. Faith delights our soul with the assurance that, wherever we may go, the hand of our heavenly Father leads us and His right hand shall hold us. (Ps. 136:10) Faith delights our hearts with the assurance that the Son of God pursues us in a way that is well-nigh tangible when He awaits us in every tabernacle and comes to us in every Communion. Faith delights our spirit when it points to the Holy Ghost dwelling in the depth of our souls, praying for us and prompting us to pray and commune with God.

How can we allow our faith to droop and slumber when it offers us such bliss? We train birds to sing, we try to improve our own voice, we enlist the service of musical instruments to bring us the delights of sound. But the voice of faith we neglect like a broken harp. Faith would make our souls ring with angelic strains in praise of God and His goodness; but we prefer the unlovely caw of the raven which can be heard in our repeated and discontented grumbling and murmuring. Because our faith is dormant, our spirit of prayer is stunted and dwarfed. Because our faith is inactive, we do not "ponder in our heart," and the field of our soul remains barren. Because our faith is thrown aside like a pair of useless spectacles, our spiritual sight is blinded; we no longer see things as God

sees them; we see them only in colors of flesh and blood; we view them only as tainted self-love presents them; we appraise them only in the false lights of animal prudence, worldly prudence, diabolic prudence.

Sometimes an ordinary humiliation falls to our lot, such as are unavoidable while we live in the midst of human beings, and how do we react? Do we apply our faith which bids us brace up and be happy? Or do we resort to the childish antics of injured self-love and fuss and fume and pout and sulk and fret and plot to get even? We stumble over a very ordinary little disappointment or mishap, and like a dog that has been struck by a stone, we savagely pursue the stone that struck us, utterly blind to the Hand that threw it.

Absurd, you will say. Yet it is our usual line of conduct, isn't it? Ask those around us, those who see us every day. The angel of faith may protest and whisper to us about God and His providence — but alas! — this only goads us to fury. We can hear the crow of the cock as St. Peter did, but we cannot believe in the love of the unseen God! We can see the treachery of Judas, but we cannot believe that God prepared the chalice of our suffering!

If only we had the habit of seeing God in all things by faith!

The very least we can resolve to do is to see God in our duties. Duty means so little to us. We cannot take it seriously — in earnest. We dismiss it with a shrug of the shoulders and

a stupid smile. Sometimes we even joke about it. Duty! Does our faith tell us that our duty is the will of God for us? Does our faith tell us that by doing our duty we are truly loving God?

Sometimes the fulfillment of our duties depends on our moods and feelings. But shall we be content to let our love of God rest on our wayward moods and feelings? Sometimes on the impulse of a whim we neglect the duty that is waiting for us, calling us, because we prefer to exchange harmless but idle gossip with a neighbor or a friend. Do we really prefer a bit of gossip to a few moments of loving God?

If only we could bring ourselves to believe that to wash the dishes, to dress a child, to do the shopping, to sell a suit or a pair of shoes, to drive a truck, to dictate a letter or to type it — if only we could bring ourselves to believe that these duties are God's holy will, that they are worth as much as God Himself in this present moment when duty calls, how differently we would fulfill each little duty!

**W**E HATE to be taken in by a lying beggar. We hate to have counterfeit money palmed off on us as the real thing. Yet we make such blunders about the value of duty! In reality, God has an essential connection with our duty; but in our mind there is no such connection. How miserable and empty and meaningless are our lives if that blunder has become habitual! And then what is

left except to count the bars of the lonesome cage of routine in which we have been trapped?

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We need to cultivate the practical faith that sees God in our duties and contemplates duty in God. If we do that, then duty will be given its true meaning and dignity. Duty brings God to us in a chariot of majesty; for God is the Author of duty inasmuch as He establishes the natural order and the supernatural order from which duty flows. We pause to look at a passing automobile to see what license number it carries. We pause to look at a tower clock or a wrist watch to see exactly what time it is. In the same way we should pause often to look at duty to see what image and inscription it bears. Duty comes from God and brings His will along with it. Why do we not believe?

Duty done is union with God. Duty flouted is surrender to feeling, to folly and to ruin. Duty brings God with it as witness. Without a well-developed faith our vision becomes so narrow that we see only self, and usually the poor angles of self, such as our pride and sensuality. The all-seeing eye of God is unheeded. What a blunder to act as though no one saw us, when God looks us full in the face!

One of the first lessons impressed on us as children was this: God sees me! Why not treasure the same lesson now that we are full-grown and far advanced on the road of life?

Duty brings God as our judge. With every duty God sees and judges, and we do not care. Do what we may, however, we cannot escape God's judgment. Shall we blindfold ourselves to this earnest truth, when to open the eyes of our faith is to feel new motive power tingling in our souls? The thought of God will inspire fear — a wholesome fear — and fear is needed as even the saints confess. The thought of God can instill hope and enthusiasm to renew our lagging efforts or to spur us on to more generous aspirations.

Our slogan in regard to duty should be: I believe in God and I believe in the will of God! Let us say it because we desire it, with our own free will and with our own determination.

We need not look too far ahead into the future. Look at tomorrow for a beginning; then at the next week, the next year. In the mysterious book of that next year may be entered all sorts of items: joys, fears, catastrophes and successes, even our death. Be that as it may, one item must cover all the others: God's holy will! God's law should pass from the cold tablets of stone to the warm embrace of our heart. On the tablets of stone God's law lies cold and dead; in our hearts it will become the purpose of our living and the object of our loving. Love will give life to the law of God, and then our life will be all love for God.

Let the stars seem ever so bright and vast; they are but tiny grains

compared with the duties that sparkle in every moment of our lives. And our duties are bright and vast as the will of God — if only we live by faith.

#### LIKE MY DOG

A six-year-old boy was invited to dinner at the home of a new playmate. The lad was puzzled to find that the food was served as soon as everyone was seated.

"Don't you pray before you eat?" he inquired, with thoughts of the custom in his own home of so doing. His hostess was visibly embarrassed as she admitted that they didn't take time for prayer.

After a moment's reflection, the boy thought he saw the answer, and with an understanding smile, he said:

"Oh, I see! You do it like my dog — you start right in."

*T. J. McInerney*

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If self-pity is the only kind of pity that is entirely useless, confidence in God is the only kind of confidence that is entirely proof against disappointment.

•

An old-timer is a fellow who can remember when a sensational novel contained a lot of asterisks.

•

Keep smiling. It makes everyone wonder what you've been up to.

THE LIGUORIAN



## Thoughts for the Shut-in

Leonard F. Hyland, C.S.S.R.

### Tranquil Trip to Heaven

**I**N THESE last few months we have passed in review in this column the sacraments and blessings which the Church reserves for those of her children who are seriously ill. Knowing well how difficult and critical are the last days and hours of life, the Church, as it were, heaps up her spiritual ministrations so as to bring to the soul all possible courage and strength for the final struggle.

Thus the properly disposed sick person can receive at this time the sacraments of penance, Holy Viaticum, the last anointing, and the apostolic blessing for the hour of death, by which the Church applies to the sick person out of her treasury of merit, a plenary indulgence for the removing of any remaining temporal punishment due to sin.

Finally, as the hour draws near for the soul's departure from the body, the Church makes use of an ancient and venerable series of prayers called the Recommendation of the Departing Soul to God. Here are a few excerpts from this ceremony.

The priest, if he is present (or some member of the family if the priest is not at hand), first gives the sick person a crucifix to kiss, encouraging him to pronounce the name of Jesus, and plac-

ing the cross in the sight of the sick person so that he may look upon it and from it draw strength and consolation. Then, before the crucifix and lighted candles, all present kneel and recite the litany for the dying. In this litany various saints representing the various groups of confessors, martyrs, virgins, etc., are called upon in turn. "Be merciful, spare him, O Lord," the appeal is made, "from death's dangers, from an unholy death, from the power of the devil, through Thy cross and passion, through Thy glorious resurrection."

Then the priest utters the noble prayer: "Go forth from this world, O Christian soul, in the name of God the Father almighty, Who created you; in the name of Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God, Who suffered for you; in the name of the Holy Spirit; Who has been poured forth upon you; in the name of the glorious and holy Mother of God, the Virgin Mary; in the name of St. Joseph, her illustrious spouse, in the name of the angels and archangels . . . in the name of all the saints of God. May peace be your dwelling to-day, and may your home be in holy Sion. Dearest brother (sister), I commend you to almighty God, and I entrust you to Him Who created you so that when by your dying you have paid the debt to which every man is subject, you may return to your Maker, to Him Who formed you from the clay of the earth."

There are other beautiful prayers and responses in this noble recommendation of the departing soul; we have had space for only a sampling here. Shut-ins and others might be interested

in procuring a comprehensive little booklet called "The Last Rites for the Sick and Dying" published by the Liturgical Press, St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minnesota.

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#### WRONG PICTURE

The care-free pagan, vine-leaved staff in hand, drunk with the joy of living, so prominent in the popular poetic tradition, is a purely literary convention. It is true that many in the pagan world sought happiness in pleasure, in beauty, in sensual love and in the exultation of living. But they knew perfectly well that happiness is fragile, that pleasure has inexorable limits and that over all is the encroaching shadow of oblivion. The characteristic mood of the pagan world is not joy, but a profound sense of the tragedy of the human condition. The great shrines of antiquity, such as Delphi, convey this with a terrifying force. Throughout classical literature we encounter man in despair, in the most fundamental sense of the term, expecting nothing from life and nothing after death. Whether it be Achilles at the water's edge bewailing his sadness as he goes out to his last fight, or Solon crying, "Call no man happy," or Sophocles sighing, "Unhappy race of mortals, your life is the measure of nothing and no man has any happiness save the illusion of it he himself creates." We remember the old fat God Silenus, surprised by Midas in a rose hedge and constrained to yield up the secret of life. "It is better for man never to be born; the sooner he is born the sooner he goes back to the kingdom of darkness." The most admired hero of the ancient world, repeated again and again, is a young man on whom the gods have bestowed all the gifts of beauty and genius, only to break the stalk when the youth is in full flower. Hope, in the myth of Pandora, is loosed upon the world as the ultimate deceit, the permanent temptation; this is the last word, the final judgment of the pagan mind.

*Daniel-Rops: Jesus and His Times*

#### NEW MODEL

A doctor picking up his car at a garage, was highly indignant at the size of the repair bill.

"All this for a few hours' work?" he protested. "Why you charge more for your work than we of the medical profession do!"

"Well, now," replied the mechanic, "that's just how it should be. You doctors have been working on the same old model since time began, but we've got to learn a brand-new model every year!"



*"From birth, princely state shall be  
Thine . . . . Thou art a priest forever!"*

# Christ

## Our Priest and King

THE last book of the Bible records a vision of a rider on a white steed. On his cloak over his thigh are written the words: "King of Kings and Lord of Lords." The rider is Christ and the title given Him sums up the belief of His followers that He is the only-begotten Son of God. All devout Christians accept this truth today as the very heart of their faith, yet it is so staggering a mystery that Jesus revealed it only gradually to His apostles. His own nation, which refused to believe in Him called His claim a blasphemy; yet our Lord pointed out to them that they should have been prepared to accept this belief by the prophecies in their own Scriptures and that their rejection of Him had already been forecast by their treatment of the prophets.

Jesus once confounded the more learned among the Israelites by quoting to them from an inspired psalm of David that they all revered as

JOHN E. DOHERTY, C.S.S.R.

a prophecy of the Messiah. Like the second psalm of David it describes Christ as the Son of God and clearly reveals that He could not be a mere human descendant of David. It also foretells that the Messiah will be a high priest in a priesthood that can now be seen offering His sacrifice in the Mass. The first Christians admired this psalm so much in its fulfillment that it is quoted fifteen times in the New Testament.

### Psalm One Hundred and Nine

The Lord said to my Lord, sit on  
my right hand

While I make thy enemies a foot-  
stool under thy feet.

The Lord will make thy empire  
spring up like a branch out of  
Sion;

Thou art to bear rule in the midst  
of thy enemies.

From birth, princely state shall be  
 thine, holy and glorious;  
 Thou art my son, born before the  
 day-star rises.  
 The Lord has sworn an oath, there  
 is no retracting,  
 Thou art a priest forever in the line  
 of Melchisedech.  
 At thy right hand, the Lord will  
 beat down kings in the day of His  
 vengeance.  
 He will pass sentence on the na-  
 tions, heap high the bodies,  
 Scatter far and wide the heads of  
 the slain.  
 Now that He has drunk of the brook  
 by the wayside,  
 He will lift up His head in victory.

When Jesus confronted the Scribes and Pharisees with this psalm, the end of His life was approaching. Three years before, at the outset of His public life He had stood in His own town and read out a prophecy of Isaias concerning the Messias. When He announced that in Him the prophecy was now fulfilled, His townsmen wanted to stone Him, so He left them with the remark that a prophet is held in honor, but not in his own country. Now He was standing in the holy city of Jerusalem and the crowds were with Him, hailing Him as the promised Christ. The leaders of the nation, however, the members of the Sanhedrin, and the factions of Pharisees and Sadducees were lining up against Him. They had begun to react against His claim to be the Son of God.

For our Lord, this day had been a busy one, since all day long he had been answering questions of those who were trying to trap Him. He had

just routed the Sadducees with their loaded questions about the resurrection of the body in which they did not believe. When the Pharisees heard how He had dealt with their rivals they met together to agree on some devious questioning and then also approached Him. Jesus answered one of their questions which was apparently sincere, but then before they could ask another He said to them:

"What is your opinion concerning Christ? Whose son is He to be?"

They said: "David's."

"How is it then," asked our Lord, "that David is moved by the spirit to call Him Lord, when he says: 'The Lord said to my Lord, sit here at my right hand while I make thy enemies a footstool under thy feet?' David calls Christ his Lord. How can He also be His son?"

St. Matthew, narrating this in his Gospel, tells us that the Scribes and Pharisees were speechless and could make no reply. After this no one attempted to trap our Lord with questions.

In quoting this psalm, Jesus gave to it the authority of inspired Scripture. Of course, this had always been the Jewish tradition; but for Christians such tradition could not have the authority of our Lord Himself, citing the passage of Scripture, telling us that its author is David inspired by the Holy Spirit, and interpreting it for us. He presents the psalm as a promise made to the Saviour of the world by Yahweh through the prophet David who is

moved by the Holy Spirit to speak the words of the psalm.

In addressing the promise to Christ, David speaks to Him as to a superior being, since he calls Him, "my Lord." The most skeptical of the apostles, Thomas, would later reveal the full significance of this term, "my Lord," when, after our Lord's resurrection, he would be invited to touch the wounds in the risen body of Jesus and, confessing his faith, he would kneel before Him and cry out: "My Lord and my God!" Implied in this psalm is a revelation of the great mystery of the Trinity, for Yahweh is the Father, our Lord is Jesus the Son of God, and the Spirit who moves David to speak is the third Person of the Trinity, the Holy Ghost.

"The Lord said to my Lord, sit at my right hand  
until I make thy enemies a footstool  
under thy feet."

St. Peter, Christ's representative, also quoted these words of the psalm on the very day when the Holy Spirit descended upon the Church that Christ had founded and it became a living Mystical Body. The apostles, though they were almost all uneducated men, manifested the indwelling of the Holy Spirit by standing up in the market place of Jerusalem on Pentecost Day and by speaking in various languages. It was then that St. Peter, as visible head of the newly founded Church, stood up and in his first sermon addressed the crowds that gathered in wonderment. He reminded His fellow Jews that they had crucified Jesus and had thus put to

death the One Whom God by signs and miracles had signified was their Saviour. Yet Jesus had risen from the dead, a fact of which they who were His apostles were all witnesses and of which they were ready to give testimony. Furthermore, they had seen Him ascend into heaven and He was now exalted at God's right hand. From there He had poured out the Holy Spirit upon them as all could see manifest. Peter went on to indicate that the words of the psalm were literally fulfilled after our Lord's resurrection by His ascension into heaven to sit at the right hand of God the Father.

"David," he said, "never went up to heaven, and yet David told us, 'the Lord said to my Lord, sit on my right hand, while I make thy enemies a footstool under thy feet.' Let it be known then beyond doubt, to all the house of Israel, that God has made Him Lord and Christ, this Jesus Whom you have crucified."

"The Lord will make thy empire  
spring up like a branch out of  
Sion,

Thou art to bear rule in the midst  
of thy enemies."

These words of David remind us of another prophecy, that of the prophet Ezekiel, who describes the kingdom of Christ as a tiny sprout planted in Jerusalem and spreading out into a great tree.

Are not the words of David and of Ezekiel as well clearly fulfilled in the Church which started out as a tiny sprout in Jerusalem and has spread throughout the nations of the world?

The Church is the empire of Christ and His kingdom. At the time when Saint Peter quoted this psalm, that kingdom was small and surrounded by powerful foes. Yet Christ had begun to reign in His spiritual empire, and with the baptism of 3,000 converts on Pentecost day His triumph over the enemies of His Church also began. Despite the continuing hostility of earthly princes, the kingdom of Christ would enter into all nations and in His Church Jesus would rule over the hearts of men.

"From birth, princely state shall be  
thine, holy and glorious;  
Thou art my son, born before the  
day-star rises."

When Jesus was born in Bethlehem Magi had come from the East to Jerusalem inquiring: "Where is He that is born king of the Jews?" They had heard of the prophecies foretelling the birth of Christ as king of the Jews. By a study of the stars they had learned of the time of His birth and had been led by a star to Jerusalem. Yet Jesus was more than king of the Jews. His generation is from eternity, and because He is the Son of God He was King of Kings even before the sun first rose or time itself was born.

Thus these verses parallel those of another of David's prophetic psalms, the second, in which He speaks in the person of Christ and announces that the Lord has given Him a kingly throne on Mt. Sion and that He is there to proclaim the Lord's decree: "Thou art my Son, this day I have begotten Thee."

"The Lord hath sworn an oath,  
there is no retracting,  
Thou art a priest forever according  
to the order of Melchisedech."

The fulfillment of these words is the subject of almost an entire book of the New Testament. It is the epistle of Saint Paul to the Hebrews. Paul tells us that Jesus became one of us in order that He might be a Priest and offer up a fitting sacrifice for us to His heavenly Father. The sacrifice was His own flesh and blood, offered by His death on the cross. Though He consummated this sacrifice once on the cross He is a Priest forever; in heaven, at God's right hand, He continually makes intercession for us.

His priesthood is not that of Aaron but of Melchisedech. Who is Melchisedech? A mysterious person who in his unknown ancestry is a figure of the Son of God. His name means king of justice and He was from the city of Salem which was to become Jerusalem, the city of God.

How is the priesthood of Jesus according to the order of Melchisedech? Melchisedech was not only a king but a priest. He was a contemporary of Abraham, the great ancestor of the Hebrew people. When Yahweh made a covenant with Abraham that his posterity should be blessed as God's chosen people, it was Melchisedech's sacrifice which sealed this covenant. At Abraham's behest Melchisedech offered up a sacrifice of bread and wine in thanksgiving to Yahweh.

Now on the evening before our Lord died, at the last supper, Jesus

also offered up a sacrifice under the species of bread and wine. It was the sacrifice of His flesh and blood mystically immolated under the form of bread and wine. "This is My body which is to be given for you; do this for a commemoration of Me," He said. And also, "This is My blood of the New Testament, shed for many, to the remission of sins." Commissioned by our Lord's words "Do this for a commemoration of Me," the priests of the New Testament renew this sacrifice each time they offer Mass by using the words our Lord Himself spoke at this sacrificial banquet. Thus the Fathers of the Church have always seen the fulfillment of David's prophecy that Christ would be a priest according to the order of Melchisedech in the Mass. This is shown in the prayers of the canon of the Mass today when the priest beseeches God to accept the sacrifice he has just offered as He once was pleased to accept the sacrifice of the high priest Melchisedech.

"At thy right hand, the Lord will  
beat down kings in the day of His  
vengeance,

He will pass sentence on the na-  
tions, heap high the corpses,  
Scatter far and wide the heads of  
the slain."

Now that Jesus sits at the right hand of the Father after His resurrection and ascension into heaven these words are fulfilled in the divine power exercised by Christ to protect His Church against its enemies. Of course, the Father was always at the right hand of Jesus as David speak-

ing in the person of Christ sang: "Always I can keep the Lord within sight; always He is at my right hand to make me stand firm." Jesus revealed this to Peter when the soldiers came to take Him captive on Holy Thursday. When Peter drew a sword to defend Him, our Lord said: "Put thy sword into its place. Dost thou doubt that if I call upon My Father even now, He will send Me more than twelve legions of angels to be at my side." He reminded Peter: "All those who take up the sword will perish by the sword."

Even now, at His Father's right hand, the Lord exercises great patience toward His enemies, but the words of the psalm will be finally fulfilled at the last judgment. Then, as He Himself declares, He will come again upon the clouds of heaven with great power and majesty to deal out justice both to His friends and His enemies.

Now that He has drunk of the  
brook by the wayside,  
He will lift up His head in victory.

The last lines are fulfilled in Christ the triumphant warrior. When a victorious warrior puts his enemies to flight and pursues them till they are scattered and out of sight, then he may take time to refresh himself, drinking from a brook by the wayside, and lifting up his head in a glow of triumph.

Soldiers were quick to recognize militant virtues in Christ. It was of a Roman soldier that our Lord said: "I have not found so great faith in

Israel." Again it was a centurion, and the other Roman soldiers who kept guard over Jesus after His death, that cried out: "No doubt but this was the Son of God."

The enemies of Christ are not merely those of flesh and blood but Satan and the dark forces of this world. Against these enemies a battle still goes on in the Church and Jesus expects militant courage and even heroism against the powers of darkness in His followers. "Greater love than this no man hath," He says, "that a man lay down his life for his friend."

How long will the battle go on? Till all the foes of Christ are "put under His feet." St. Paul explains, quoting the second verse of the psalm again. "And the last of those enemies to be dispossessed," he tells us, "is death." Yet our Lord Himself assures us that He has already won the victory. "Take confidence," He said, "I have overcome the world."

Had the Scribes and Pharisees understood this prophetic psalm as we do in its fulfillment, surely they would never then have crucified the Lord of glory. Why were they blind to Christ and deaf to His words? Their zeal for the word of God in many ways was admirable and their failure was not due to lack of intelligence. They lacked the right dispositions of the heart, and it was for this reason that, as Isaiah the prophet had foretold, God left them without grace so that their eyes were blinded, their ears stopped up, their hearts hard-

ened so that they could not behold Christ with the eyes of faith nor hear His words with understanding.

After quoting this psalm to the Scribes and Pharisees, Jesus turned on them in a terrible scene, denouncing them as blind leaders. He revealed to the people their insincerity, self-esteem and pride, their hypocrisy and lack of disinterested love of God. Their enmity toward Him had been foreshadowed by their ancestors who had killed the prophets. Now they would prove themselves likely children of their fathers, for He promised to send them other prophets and holy men and He predicted that they would scourge and crucify them as their fathers had done to the prophets before them.

"Jerusalem, Jerusalem," our Lord cried out, "still murdering the prophets, and stoning the messengers that are sent to thee, how often have I been ready to gather thy children together, as a hen gathers her chickens under her wings; and thou didst refuse it!"

As our Lord left the temple, He told them that He would leave them until they were ready to turn to Him and say: "Blessed is He who comes in the name of the Lord."

These words are profoundly sad; yet in them there is a message of great hope for the Jewish nation. Those same prophets who foretold the coming of Christ as Saviour and warned Israel that it would reject Him also predict that they will again



turn to our Lord and hail Him as their Saviour.

The words of Jeremias, especially, as he looked into the future remind us of our Lord's own words:

"Now from yonder hill-passes, another cry is heard; a cry of mourning and lament from the sons of Is-

rael over the wrong paths they have chosen in forgetting the Lord their God. 'Wandering hearts, come back to Me, and all your rebel acts shall be pardoned.' See, we come to Thee, art Thou not the Lord our God? . . . We know it now; we know now that Israel must look to the Lord our God for deliverance."

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#### THE FAVOR OF SUFFERING

Unfortunately, there are many who regard any form of physical suffering as an evil, and an absolute evil at that. They have forgotten that suffering is the inheritance of the sons of Adam. They have forgotten that the only real evil is sin, which offends God; and they have forgotten that we must look up to the cross of Jesus Christ in the same spirit in which the apostles, the martyrs, and the saints looked up to it. They taught us, and bore witness, that in the cross there is consolation and salvation, and that we cannot live in the love of Christ without suffering.

Thank God, it is not every soul that tries to shake off in rebellion the burden of suffering. There are sick people who understand the meaning of suffering, and realize the opportunity that is offered to them to contribute thereby to the salvation of the world; they accept their life of sorrow just as Jesus Christ accepted His, as Mary on the day of her purification, accepted hers, and as Saint Joseph, her faithful and chaste spouse, accepted his. You, who are now gathered here, belong to that chosen group of fortunate souls. This is why We say to you: Sons and daughters, be of good cheer! You are the favorites of the Heart of Jesus. We can repeat to you the words of St. Paul: "For you have been given the favor on Christ's behalf — not only to believe in him, but also to suffer for him." (Phil. 1:29)

*Pope John XXIII — The Pope Speaks*

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#### WIT AND WITOUT

After sending a parcel to European relatives, a farm family in the United States received a very grateful letter, closing thus:

"If you can, please send us more of those little pills. We didn't know what they were until Cousin Lempi came — she had studied English, you know — and read the name for us. Then we gave them all to Uncle Paul, who suffers from rheumatism. He feels much better now, and says it is the best medicine he ever took. If you don't remember the name of the pills, they're called 'Life Savers.'"

*Samscripts*



# POINTED PARAGRAPHS

## Greetings!

We wish all our readers a happy new year filled with God's best blessings.

May the good God keep all of you close to Him during 1960! And forever! May God grant you a greater and greater participation in the "one thing necessary" — sincere friendship with Christ and loyalty to God!

We express our thanks to all readers who gave THE LIGUORIAN as a Christmas gift to relatives and friends during the past weeks.

We pray that all our readers, old and new, will be helped, by our efforts in writing and publishing, to advance more surely and happily along the road to heaven.

Again we urge our readers to pass their copies of THE LIGUORIAN along to others after they have read them; to leave them in buses, street-cars, trains, hotel lobbies, waiting-rooms and lounge rooms; to take them to the office, the shop, the store, where they work. Many times someone who has chanced upon a copy of THE LIGUORIAN has sent in his name as a subscriber with the question: "Why didn't I know about THE LIGUORIAN before?" Our readers can help us by doing this advertising for us — by making THE

LIGUORIAN better known. Will you help by passing along your copy when you finish with it?

Thank you!

## How to Make a Good Resolution

The first day of the new year always brings with it the idea of making good resolutions.

It is foolish to make resolutions, whether to break with certain bad habits or to do some good thing that one has not been doing, without resolving at the same time to use the means that will help us keep the resolutions we make.

One of the greatest helps in keeping a resolution is the determination to renew your resolution many times during the year. Resolutions that are made once and not renewed many times are usually the kind that produce very little improvement in our lives.

That is why the making of one or more good resolutions for the new year should include, in the very act of resolving, a determination to repeat or renew the resolution at special times during the year.

The suggestions we give here are excellent opportunities for renewing your good resolution.

1. *At every confession:* All good resolutions should include the de-

termination of often going to confession. Even if the resolution concerns the performance of some positive good thing to be done, it should be definitely recalled at confession time. The manner of keeping the resolution should be checked, and a new promise of fidelity should be made. The great advantage of this practice is not only that it gives a new life and strength to your resolution, but brings special graces to the soul which will help you to keep your resolution more successfully.

2. *In every morning prayer:* The beginning of each day should be marked by a moment's thought of the good you are striving for and a renewal of your determination, accompanied by a prayer for help from God. This daily renewal of your good resolution weakens the power of the temptation to break your resolution and inspires prayer for grace and strength to keep it. The will, aided by the grace of God, can do anything it determines to do; but the determination must be repeated again and again, or it will dwindle away through forgetfulness and through the alluring power of opposite forces.

3. *At every fall:* There should be no discouragement or despair when a good resolution is broken. Rather, that is the time for quick repentance and for making an even firmer resolve. Breaking resolutions becomes a habit only because it is often permitted to happen without remorse or without a renewal of the resolution.

If the resolution is worth making at all, it is worth renewing vigorously the very first time it is broken. If that is done, it will not be so easily broken a second time.

There is usually much jesting at the beginning of a new year about good resolutions being made only to be broken. That will not be the fate of resolutions that are made with the promise that they will be renewed at frequent confession, in every morning prayer and immediately after every fall.

### **That All May Be One**

Worthy of special notice this year, it seems to us, is the Chair of Unity Octave, to be observed at the customary time, from January 18, the feast of St. Peter's chair in Rome, to January 25, the feast of the conversion of St. Paul. Each day during the octave the following prayer is said:

"That they all may be one as Thou Father in Me and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me.

V. I say unto thee that thou art Peter.

R. And upon this Rock I will build My Church.

Let us pray: O Lord Jesus Christ, Who saidst unto Thine Apostles; peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you, regard not our sins, but the faith of Thy Church and grant unto her that peace and unity which are agreeable to Thy will. Who livest and reignest God forever and ever. Amen. (300 days indul.)

The intention of the prayer is the reunion of Christendom, the return of lapsed Catholics, and the conversion of unbelievers. The octave was begun by an Anglican priest in the year 1908. His conversion on October 30, 1909, is the most convincing proof of its need and efficacy. As Father Paul James Francis, founder of the Graymoor Franciscans, he labored with consuming zeal in the cause of Church unity, and handed this same legacy on to his spiritual family.

As has been said, there is a special significance in the prayers this year, when the preparations are being taken in hand for the ecumenical council to be held (according to present estimates) in 1961. In his first encyclical letter, entitled "To the Chair of Peter" issued June 29, 1959, Pope John XXIII spoke eloquently of the "unity which is clearly visible to the gaze of all, so that all can recognize and follow it. It has this nature by the will of the divine founder, so that all the children may be invited to the one Father's house, founded on the cornerstone of Peter . . . ."

Surely this is an intention that all should make the object of most earnest prayer.

### **Honoring the Holy Name**

From one of our readers in Syracuse, New York, we received this letter:

"I wish something might be written in your publication about a problem that has concerned me for a year or two. As a child I was taught

that whenever the name of Jesus was spoken, read or heard, Catholics bowed their head in reverence. I even remember a quotation to the effect that 'at the sound of His name every knee should bend,' and that the custom of bowing the head gradually superseded this earlier genuflection, as a matter of convenience. All the Catholics I knew followed this custom as a matter of course.

"About a year or two ago, I gradually began to notice to my surprise that this custom is not being followed by most of the Catholics with whom I now associate. Scarcely a head is bowed in our large congregation during a sermon mentioning the name of Jesus, or at the well-attended novena to the Infant of Prague in preparation for Christmas. Even in our choir, which is privileged to sing His name several times in the course of the Mass, only two out of about thirty-five people do this. Believe me, I do not intend to be critical and I do not spend my time checking up on my fellow choir members or anyone else. Rather, the thought has come to mind so often, that I made a kind of promise to our Lord that if He wished me to do it, I would try to encourage a remembrance of this former devotion.

"If this reverential practice is a serious form of giving honor to God, in the eyes of the Church, as I had always supposed, I hope very much that you will write something about it in an effort to restore this practice among Catholics.

"The tremendous surge of vitality in American Catholic life, as reflect-

ed in much of the Catholic press, is wonderfully heartening and seems to me to promise much for the future in relation to the vast problems of mankind. This little act of worship, the bowing of the head in reverence for the Holy Name, perhaps seems infinitesimal in comparison to the activities of lay apostles, sodalists and others who are working generously and effectively on so many facets of our problems. But perhaps it is not. It requires no talent, leisure, time, expense, hard work or special opportunity. Only a loving salutation to our Lord whenever His name is mentioned! Anyone can do it!"

To the letter we add this comment:

It is impossible not to notice that this old Catholic custom of bowing the head in reverence for the Holy Name has lost much of its hold on many Catholics of today. Some persons may be tempted to say, as the writer of the letter remarked, that this is indeed a small item; yet we think it would be a large item in its influence on Catholics and on others

who are not Catholics, if this custom would become universal again. Bowing the head at the name of Jesus is an act of reverence and love; it is a sign of adoration and worship; it is always a public testimonial of one's belief in the divinity of Christ.

Nowadays when so many are forgetting Christ or denying Him, when so many are looking for Christ, not knowing where to find Him, so little a thing as the bowing of the head at mention of His name on the part of believers in Him would help to bring the world back to His feet again.

But apart from that, the custom could be made at least a partial means of reparation for the widespread misuse and dishonoring of the Holy Name. This is something for the Holy Name Society to consider. This can be made a most timely campaign, which will not only instill into its members the determination not to misuse the name of Jesus, but give all of them a means to honor the Holy Name by positive action.

Let all who read this, at least, make it their own personal campaign.

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#### WHAT BETTER THING TO KNOW?

One often hears the expression, "A little child shall lead them." One little girl did just that in a crowded supermarket. Everyone, it seems, was in a hurry, and patience and tempers were frayed. Then a lady with a cart packed with groceries came to the checker's stand with her five-year-old daughter. The checker said to the child:

"Well, sister, what do you know today?"

The little girl replied without a moment's hesitation:

"I know the Lord's Prayer," and proceeded to recite it in a clear, distinct voice. Almost instantly the rush and the noise of the busy market ceased; smiles and a moment of good will replaced frayed nerves and tempers.

*Catholic Mirror*

# LIGUORIANA



## The Practice of the Love of Jesus Christ

### INTRODUCTION

#### Chapter III—The Great Confidence We Should Have in the Love Jesus Christ Has Shown Us and in ALL He Has Done for Us (continued)

*By St. Alphonsus Liguori*

*Translated by*

*C. D. McEnniry, C.S.S.R.*

**S**T. LEO THE GREAT says we gained more by the death of Christ than we had ever lost by the malice of the devil. And before him St. Paul had said that the benefit of redemption was greater than the disaster of sin. "But not as the offense, so also the gift. . . . And where sin had abounded, grace did more abound." (Rom. 5:15-20) The Saviour spurs us on to hope for every favor through His merits, and for every grace. And see how He teaches us the way to obtain whatever we wish from the eternal Father. "Amen, amen, I say unto you, if you ask the Father anything in My name, He will give it unto you." (John 15:25) Ask My Father in My name whatever you desire, and I promise that He will hear you. For how could the Father ever refuse us any other gift, since He has given us His well-beloved and only-begotten Son? "He that spared not even His own Son, but delivered Him up for

us all, how hath He not also with Him given us all things?" (Rom. 8:32) The apostle said "all things;" therefore nothing is excluded — not pardon, not perseverance, not holy love, not perfection, not paradise. He gave us *all* things. But we must ask. God is lavish in giving to everyone that asks.

Here I wish to add many beautiful citations from the writings of Father d'Avila regarding the great confidence we should have in the merits of Jesus Christ. He says:

"Let us never forget that between the eternal Father and us stands the Mediator, Jesus Christ, through Whom we are bound to the Father by such strong bonds of love that they can never be broken except by mortal sin. The blood of Jesus, begging mercy for us, cries out so loud that our sins are no longer heard. The death of Jesus has wrought the death of our transgression. 'O death, I will be thy death!' Sinners who are lost, are lost not because there was no atonement for their sins, but because they refused to make use of the sacraments and thus share in the atonement offered by Jesus Christ.



"Jesus has taken upon Himself the task of remedying our ills as though He were sick and not we. Though He did not commit them, He has called our sins His own and has sought pardon for them. And with the most touching show of love He has besought His Father to love all that loved Him. And what He sought He has obtained. So that God has ordained that Jesus and we should be so intimately united that either both He and we should be loved, or that both He and we should be hated. But since Jesus cannot be hated, neither can we be hated, so long as we are united to Jesus by love. Because He is loved by the Father, so too are we. Jesus Christ has more power to make us loved than have we to make ourselves hated, for God loves His Son more than He could ever hate sinners.

"Jesus said to His Father: 'Father, I will that wherever I am, those also, whom Thou hast given to Me, should be with Me.' (John 17:24) The stronger love has vanquished the weaker hate. And so, forgiven and loved, we are certain of never being abandoned, where the bond of love is so strong. The Lord said by Isaiah: 'Can a woman forget her infant? And if she should forget, yet will I never forget thee. Behold I have graven thee in My hands.' (Is. 40:15) He has written us on His hands with His own blood. Therefore we should let nothing disturb us, since everything is managed by those hands which were nailed to the cross in testimony of the love He bears us.

"Nothing has such power to terrify us as Jesus Christ has power to reassure us. Let my sins surround me, let fears for the future assail me, let all the demons lay snares for me, — what matter? — I will invoke Jesus Christ, Who is all merciful, Who loved me even unto death, and I will take heart. My soul is so precious that a God has delivered Himself up for me.

"O Jesus, safe port for those who call on You in the midst of the storm, O watchful Shepherd, we are mad to doubt Your mercy, if only we wish to amend! For You have said: 'Fear not. I am He Who afflicts and Who consoles. It may be that at times I plunge you into such affliction that it seems a hell; then I lift you up and lovingly console you. I am your advocate Who have made your cause My own. I am your surety Who have come to pay your debts. I am your Lord Who have bought you back with My blood. I have done this to enrich you, not to abandon you after paying such a price. How shall I fly from those that come to honor Me, since I went to meet those that came to insult Me! I did not turn away My face from those that struck Me; shall I turn it away from those that desire to adore Me? How can My children doubt My love, seeing that I have delivered Myself into the hands of My enemies for their love! Whom have I ever despised that loved Me? Whom have I ever abandoned that sought My aid? I still go about seeking those that will not seek Me.'

"If you believe that the eternal Father has given you His Son, then

believe that He will give you everything else, for everything else is of far less value than His Son. Never imagine that Jesus Christ has forgotten you — He Who has left, as a remembrance of His love, the richest of all pledges, His own very Self in the Sacrament of the Altar."

#### Affections and Prayers

My Jesus, how Your passion fills me with holy hope! How could I ever fear that I should not receive the pardon of my sins, heaven, and every necessary grace from an almighty God Who has given me all His blood!

My Jesus, my hope and my love! You have preferred to lose Your life rather than lose me.

I love You above all things, my Redeemer and my God. You have given Yourself entirely to me; I give You my will, and with this my will I repeat: I love You, I love You; and I wish always to repeat: I love You, I love You. So I wish to speak during life, so I wish to speak at the hour of my death, that the last

sound from my dying lips may be these sweet words: My God, I love You. From that moment I shall begin to love You with an unending love and go on forever without the danger of ever ceasing to love You.

I love You, and because I love You, I repent above every evil of having so gravely offended You. Miserable wretch that I am, how often, rather than renounce a passing gratification, have I been willing to lose You, O infinite God! This thought torments me more than anything else that I could suffer. My consolation is that I have to do with infinite Goodness Who knows not how to despise a soul that loves Him.

My dear Redeemer, I firmly hope to receive from You eternal salvation in the life to come, and in this life, holy perseverance in Your love. Therefore I firmly propose to seek You always. And do You, by the merits of Your death, give me perseverance in praying to You.

This same favor I ask and hope from you, Mary, my Queen.

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#### SHORT BLAST

Imagination is given to man to compensate for what he is not; a sense of humor is provided to console him for what he is. An Indian chief petitioned the judge of an Arizona court to give him a shorter name.

"What is it now?" asked the judge.

"Chief Screeching Train Whistle," replied the Indian.

"And what do you want to shorten it to?" queried the judge.

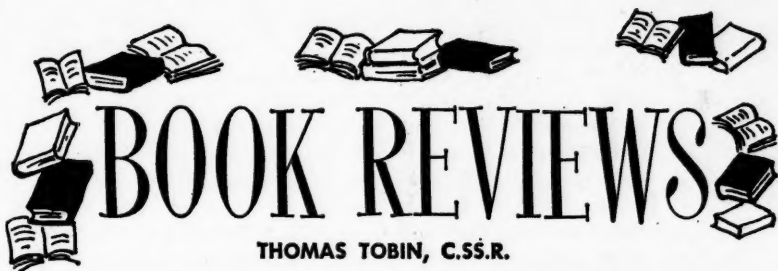
The Indian drew himself up to his full height, folded his arms majestically and grunted, "Toots!"

*Saturday Review*

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Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices.

*Franciscan Message*



# BOOK REVIEWS

THOMAS TOBIN, C.S.S.R.

We recommend that books listed or reviewed in THE LIGUORIAN be purchased at your local bookstore. If you cannot obtain the book in that way, you may write to THE LIGUORIAN for further information.

## **The Cardinal Stritch Story**

Marie Cecelia Buehrle

Few modern churchmen have captured the hearts of the faithful as did Cardinal Stritch. As the "boy bishop" of Toledo, the Archbishop of Milwaukee, the Cardinal Archbishop of Chicago and the Cardinal Pro-Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith, he combined administrative ability with the kindness of a warm human personality and the zeal of a charitable priest. Marie Cecelia Buehrle has succeeded in presenting the living person to her readers. Those who knew him in life will easily recognize the personality depicted; those who never had the privilege of knowing him will be glad that they have at least met him in the pages of this fascinating book. While the author makes no pretense of having written the definitive biography, she has produced a work high above the level of the "journalese biography" of the contemporary great.

(Bruce, \$3.95)

## **Approach to Christian Sculpture**

Hubert van Zeller, O.S.B.

"My job is religion and cutting stone. After more than a quarter of a century in both these activities I have come to see the connection between the two. Having treated elsewhere of religion, I treat here of cutting stone." With these words the English Benedictine monk introduces his latest work. It is an essay, written in a language that all can understand on the expression in stone of religious subjects. It seeks to help the reader know the basic principles of religious sculpture as well as the contemporary expression in stone of religious objects. This book will do a great service to all those who wish to have a better appreciation of contemporary sculpture. The illustrations are well chosen.

(Sheed and Ward, \$3.75)

## ST. IGNATIUS

### **The Heart of Ignatius**

Paul Doncoeur, S.J.

Henry St. C. Lavin, S.J., translator

### **All My Liberty**

John A. Hardon, S.J.

These two books show different aspects of the great founder of the Society of Jesus, St. Ignatius Loyola.

**The Heart of Ignatius**, translated from the French of Father Doncoeur, is concerned with presenting a full picture of St. Ignatius. Too often he is stereotyped as the stern disciplinarian, the soldier of Spain who became the soldier of Christ. His spiritual son insists that the key to his whole life is his burning love for Christ. From this love came his discipline to curb any thoughts or feelings out of harmony with this love for Christ. This thesis is proven by selections from the Exercises, constitutions and letters of St. Ignatius.

(Helicon Press, \$3.00)

**All My Liberty**, written by an American Jesuit, is a "modern theological appraisal of the Spiritual Exercises intended to facilitate their use in giving retreats, and to give retreatants, whether priests, religious or the laity, a deeper insight into the Exercises." The various parts of the Exercises are examined and explained in their historical, doctrinal and ascetical context. A clear analysis of one of the great books of our Christian tradition.

(Newman, \$3.75)

### **The Light and the Rainbow**

Hilda Graef

The subtitle explains the theme of this book: "A study in Christian spirituality from its roots in the Old Testament and its development through the New Testament and the Fathers to recent times." Miss Graef has long had a great interest in mysticism as is evidenced by her books on Therese Neuman and Edith Stein. The present volume studies a selected group of mystics from the prophets down to the Little Flower. A scholarly and stimulating book.

(Newman, \$5.50)

### **The Centre of Hilarity**

Michael Mason

As an undergraduate at Cambridge, Michael Mason encountered the modern literary and philosophical cult of despair. He revolted against it then and still revolts against it as a man. He shows with Chesterton that **The Centre of Hilarity** is the Christian concept of the meaning of man. This book makes demands upon the thought of its readers, but it is well worth reading, especially by anyone who has come in contact with modern pessimism.

(Sheed and Ward, \$4.50)

**Youth Before God**

William Kelly, S.J.

This is an unusual prayerbook that will appeal to the high school student and older persons as well. Adapted from the German original and the French edition, **Youth Before God** offers reflections and prayers on a wide variety of topics. Like all good prayers, the words do not pretend to exhaust a subject, but to furnish leads for further thoughts and applications. Excellent pictures help the reader go from the created world to the Creator. Excellent to have at hand.

(Newman Press, \$3.75)

**Together Toward God** P. Ranwez, S.J.

J. and M. L. DeFossa

J. Gerard Libois

Paul Barrett, O.F.M.Cap., translator

A French priest and three lay persons have collaborated in producing this practical guide for parents in their privilege of leading their children to God. The basic theme is that the parents and children should go **Together Toward God**. The introductory chapters recall the essentials of religious formation in the home as well as some basic truths on the education of parents. The remaining chapters give principles, methods, examples and applications for the religious training of children in the various age groups. Special attention is called to the family importance and observance of such important spiritual milestones as baptism, First Communion and confirmation. A good list of books for further reading adds greatly to the value of this book. This book has not been written from an academic ivory tower but has been developed through actual use by parents with their children. An excellent book recommended to all parents.

(Newman Press, \$4.75)

**Catechetical Scenes**

Rev. M. Coerezza, S.D.B.

This is an unusual book of great value for the instruction of children on grace and baptism. It is unusual because it consists of a series of three-dimensional pictures that pull out as the pages are opened. There are clever pictures that will make the catechism come to life. Excellent for either home or school use.

(Academy Library Guild, \$2.95)

**Prairie Venture**

L. V. Jacks

A novel of the homesteading days in Colorado with a young girl of 15 as the main character. Exciting.

(Bruce, \$2.95)

# BEST SELLERS

A Moral Evaluation of Current Books, Published at the University of Scranton, Pa.

## MOST POPULAR

(Not necessarily approved. Roman numeral indicates a moral rating according to categories used in general list.)

Exodus (IIb)—*Uris*  
 The Ugly American (I)—*Lederer & Burdick*  
 Dear and Glorious Physician (IIa)—*Caldwell*  
 Doctor Zhivago (IIa)—*Pasternak*  
 Celia Garth (I)—*Bristow*  
 Tents of Wickedness (IIb)—*DeVries*  
 California Street (IIb)—*Busch*  
 Advise and Consent (IIb)—*Drury*  
 Mrs. 'Arris Goes to Paris (I)—*Gallico*  
 The Light Infantry Ball (I)—*Basso*  
 The Young Titan (IIb)—*Mason*  
 The Chinese Box (I)—*Eyre*  
 The Art of Llewellyn Jones (IIb)—*Bonner*  
 Nine Coaches Waiting (I)—*Stewart*

## I. Suitable for general reading:

It's Good To Be Alive—*Campanella*  
 Three against the Wilderness—*Collier*  
 The Light of Common Day—*Cooper*  
 Deep Is the Shadow—*Haygood*  
 Gusty's Child—*Hobart*  
 The United States Marines—*Montross*  
 Paddlewheel Pirate—*Newell*  
 The Amazing Results of Positive Thinking—*Peale*  
 The Ape in Me—*Skinner*  
 As I Live and Breathe—*Weaver*  
 French Leave—*Wodehouse*  
 The Street of the Laughing Camel—*Burman*  
 Two Gentle Men—*Chute*

Sports of the Times—*Daley*  
 All My Fathers—*De la Fere*  
 Memoirs: Ten Years and Twenty Days—*Doenitz*  
 Chain Reaction—*Hodder-Williams*  
 The Gobbling Billy—*James*  
 The Masks of War—*Langelaan*  
 Don Chato—*Mehdevi*  
 John Paul Jones—*Morison*  
 The Return of Hyman Kaplan—*Rosten*  
 Forests of the Night—*Scott*  
 William Diamond's Drum—*Tourtellot*  
 A Family on Wheels—*Trapp*  
 No Man Tells Everything—*Block*  
 The Earth Shook, the Sky Burned—*Bronson*  
 Yesterday—*Dermout*  
 Stiff Upper Lip—*Durrell*  
 Station Wagon in Spain—*Keyes*  
 The Flowers of Hiroshima—*Morris*

## II. Suitable only for adults:

### A. Because of advanced style and contents:

By Rocking Chair across America—*Atkinson & Searle*  
 From the Morgenthau Diaries—*Blum*  
 Howells: His Life and World—*Brooks*  
 The Darkness and the Dawn—*Costain*  
 The Riddle of the Fly—*Enright*  
 New Orleans—*Evans*  
 Third Man in the Ring—*Goldstein & Graham*  
 The Flame Trees of Thika—*Huxley*  
 More Than Meets the Eye—*Mydans*  
 The Witch Door—*Ogilvie*  
 The Undeclared—*Palocz-Horvath*  
 Lucinie—*Pascal-Dasque*  
 I Like What I Know—*Price*



Scobie—*Turner*  
 The Negotiators—*Walder*  
 Lincoln Finds a General: Vol. 5—  
     *Williams*  
 Ed Wynn's Son—*Wynn & Brough*  
 Perish by the Sword—*Anderson*  
 Lament for Four Brides—*Berckman*  
 Mama's Way—*Bjorn*  
 Bond Street Story—*Collins*  
 The Meaning and Matter of History  
     —*D'Arcy*  
 The Rack—*Ellis*  
 A Graveyard Plot—*Erskine*  
 The Winston Affair—*Fast*  
 Dangerous to Me—*Foley*  
 Loblolly—*Gilbreth*  
 The Grand Duke and Mr. Pimm—  
     *Hardy*  
 Act One—*Hart*  
 The White Band—*Jones*  
 The House of Shade—*Kaye*  
 Hot Red Money—*Kendrick*  
 La Petite: Louise de la Valliere—  
     *Sanders*  
 The Taste of Ashes—*Stern & Fraley*  
 To the Islands—*Stow*  
 Orde Wingate—*Sykes*  
 Adventures of the Mind—*Thruelsen*  
     & *Koehler*  
 Battle: The Story of the Bulge—  
     *Toland*  
 This Is My God—*Wouk*  
 Voice of the Lute—*Baner*  
 Assault on a Queen—*Finney*  
 Best American Short Stories: 1959  
     —*Foley & Burnett*  
 Wolfe at Quebec—*Hibbert*  
 The Lady and the Giant—*Kelland*  
 Groucho and Me—*Marx*  
 Blind Man's Mark—*Palmer*  
 The First Hundred Years—*Perkin*

*B. Because of immoral incidents which  
 do not, however, invalidate  
 the book as a whole:*

A Breath of French Air—*Bates*  
 Green Water, Green Sky—*Gallant*  
 Dark Sea Running—*Morrill*

The Charlatan—*Vaughan*  
 The Little Difference—*Abercrombie*  
 The Pyx—*Buell*  
 Come Die With Me—*Gault*  
 The Final Diagnosis—*Hailey*  
 A Little Widow Is a Dangerous  
     Thing—*Hastings & Muir*  
 Men Die—*Humes*  
 Til Death—*McBain*  
 Fool's Paradise—*Poirot-Delpech*  
 Half Moon Haven—*Russ*  
 Sonotaw—*Sayres*  
 A Few Short Blocks Between—  
     *Selby*  
 Brood of Fury—*Shelton*  
 The Affair in Arcady—*Wellard*  
 Goodness Had Nothing to Do With  
     It—*West*  
 The Pursuit of the Prodigal—  
     *Auchincloss*  
 Tempo di Roma—*Curvers*  
 Big River, Big Man—*Duncan*  
 Tall Short Stories—*Duthie*  
 Kingstree Island—*Ehle*  
 The Hunt—*Erno*  
 The Wheeler Dealers—*Goodman*  
 The Graveyard—*Hlasko*  
 The Slide Area—*Lambert*  
 Nicola—*Lindop*  
 Questions of Precedence—*Mauriac*  
 The Mermaid Madonna—*Myrivilis*

*III. Permissible for the discriminat-  
 ing adult:*

The War Lover—*Hersey*  
 The Crackerjack Marines—  
     *Masselink*  
 Flight from Ashiya—*Arnold*

*IV. Not recommended to any reader:*

Cage of Love—*Carse*  
 Camera—*Kastle*  
 One Hour—*Smith*  
 The Sins of Philip Fleming—*Wallace*  
 Lover Man—*Anderson*  
 The Finished Man—*Garrett*  
 The Lotus Eaters—*Green*

# LUCID INTERVALS

The man with the very Irish face got on a city bus in New York. He remained standing until he noticed a seat occupied by a strange-looking dog next to a woman passenger. Having deposited the dog gently on the floor, he sat down in its place.

"Begging your pardon, ma'am," he said to pacify the dog's owner. "What breed of dog would that be?"

"Half Irish and half monkey," was the angry retort.

"Well now, is that a fact? He's all right, then, for that makes him related to both of us."

A small boy, visiting New York City for the first time, rode in an elevator to the top of the Empire State Building. As they whizzed past the 62nd floor, he gulped and said to his father: "Daddy, does God know we're coming?"



"I want to register a complaint," said the visitor to the pet shop. "The bird you sold me is lame."

"Well, make up your mind," said the proprietor of the shop. "What do you want, a singer or a dancer?"

Young dramatist: "How could you sleep during my play, when you knew that I wanted your opinion?"

Critic: "Young man, sleep is an opinion."



"I've invented an automobile that can do three hundred miles an hour and stop within 25 feet," said the inventor.

"Why don't you put it on the market?" someone asked.

"Just one difficulty has to be ironed out. How can I keep the driver from going through the windshield?"

## FILE 13

Successful door-to-door salesman to housewife: "I'd like to show you a little item your neighbors said you couldn't afford."

Boot Hill epitaph: "He called me a liar."

Pessimist: A woman driver who is afraid she won't be able to squeeze her car into a very small parking space.

Optimist: A man who thinks she won't try.

## ON HUMAN RESPECT

Human respect is a vice that flourishes most luxuriously in a democratic country like ours. Where all men are considered in theory, equal, it is natural that the principles and practices that are current and popular exert a powerful influence over the individual who does not want to be different from his fellows. To succumb to that influence is to lose one's individuality and very probably one's soul. It is necessary, therefore, to recognize its meaning and appeal.

1. Human respect means that excessive regard for the opinion of men that leads one to act contrary to the principles of faith or Christian morality. It is slavish subservience to man-made standards of conduct; it is a cowardly fear of being criticized by men for something that in itself is good and pleasing to God.

2. Human respect may influence one in a negative way; i.e., may lead to sins of omission and to the neglect of practices that one knows are necessary or good. The man who misses Mass because he is in the company of non-Catholics and does not want them to remark about his religious loyalty is a slave of human respect. The man who doesn't admit his faith when it is being criticized or condemned, or who doesn't pray or attend Catholic devotions because doing so would make him different from the crowd, has a soul enslaved by human respect.

3. Human respect often influences men in positive ways. There are those who take part in unclean conversations and smutty story telling only because this is a means of keeping in well with a certain crowd. A large percentage of those who practice contraception to limit their families are influenced solely by human respect; they have a craven fear of what others think and say.

4. The surest remedy for human respect is a realistic meditation on the last judgment. There each man and woman will be judged not by the standards of the age in which they lived, but by the immutable principles of the law of God. There the craven and the coward, the slave and the weakling, who has knowingly rejected God and served men, will cry out for the mountains to cover him; and the company of all his ilk will not make less bitter his shame.

There is no one who is free from the danger of human respect today. The society of equals in an irreligious land tends to create and foster its own principles and standards of conduct and morality; it tends to ostracize those who refuse to conform. The individual Catholic must be willing to be ostracized; willing to be criticized; willing to be different in his loyalty to the divine truth that has been revealed.

(This is a chapter from the booklet, **PROGRAM FOR A PRACTICAL CATHOLIC LIFE**. A copy of the booklet may be obtained by sending twenty-five cents to **LIGUORIAN PAMPHLETS**, Liguori, Missouri. Write to the same address for a complete list of our pamphlets.)

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